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BETTER THAN NO BREAD

INURED to the chronicling of Big Four disagreements due to "Russian obstruction," the Western press promptly detected the makings of yet another deadlock when the Council of Foreign Ministers got down to business on Tuesday. In the previous day's preliminary proceedings, Mr. Vyshinsky had been reported to be unusually affable and conciliatory: he had agreed with the Anglo-American proposal to have closed sessions; he accepted the agenda tabled by the Western Powers, making the "problem of German unity" the first item; and he apparently refrained from the acid comments, which he might have been expected to offer, on the attitude adopted by the Western military authorities to the rioters on the Russian-controlled railway in the British and American sectors of Berlin. When, however, Mr. Vyshinsky, in response to the chairman's invitation, put forward his positive suggestions in relation to "unity," there was an immediate reflex tendency on the part of the British and American correspondents at the Conference to describe his approach as an unconstructive and unacceptable attempt to go "back to Potsdam."

This is, in our view, an incorrect and unhelpful interpretation of the Russian attitude as so far disclosed. For the record, Mr. Vyshinsky had to re-state the time-worn argument that the Western Powers had been guilty of a breach of the Potsdam Agreement by their unilateral actions in Trizonia: he had obviously to demonstrate by this means the continuity of Soviet diplomacy, and he clearly had in mind his audience in Warsaw and Prague as well as Moscow. But when he came to his proposals for positive action to be now taken, the most significant feature of his speech was not his suggestion that the machinery of Four Power Allied Control should be re-established, but his advocacy of an all-German State Council in which representatives selected or elected from each Zone should be brought together to co-ordinate the work of the various German economic bodies and functional agencies. It is, in fact, evident that Mr. Vyshinsky, who is clearly anxious not to leave Paris empty-handed, has been instructed to aim, for the moment, at achieving the *economic* unity of Germany—with the proviso (reasonable, given reciprocity) that the U.S.S.R., Benelux, Czechoslovakia and Poland should share with Britain, France and the United States responsibility for the overall supervision of the Ruhr. The *political* unity of the Reich, as a long-term objective, will doubtless receive from Mr. Vyshinsky the customary Russian support, but its immediate attainment seems to be excluded from his brief. While economic unity is desirable, in Moscow's eyes, for the sake of making good the damage done to the East by the blockade, it is probably realised in the Kremlin that political unity to-day—with the West in a confident, "tough" mood—would be attainable only on the basis of an extension to the Soviet Zone of "Bonn democracy," with supervised free elections whose results, in the light of the recent voting for the People's Congress, might be embarrassing.

Mr. Vyshinsky's opening gambit exposes the Western Powers to a considerable temptation. They can protest, as both Mr. Acheson and Mr. Bevin seemed at first inclined to do on Tuesday, that, whereas they are establishing a representative German government in Trizonia, the Soviet Union desires to "put the clock back" by re-imposing Military Government throughout the Reich. There is obvious scope here for making political capital with the German people. But to pursue this course would be to lose the substance for the sake of the propaganda shadow. If, as we think, the U.S.S.R. is now inclined to accept *de facto* political partition and is concentrating on an effort to mitigate the resulting difficulties by some sort of functional economic unity, there is a good chance of at least a limited, but practically beneficial accommodation. If the West simply insists that the Soviet Zone must be fused politically with Trizonia, that chance will be lost. Mr. Vyshinsky's half-loaf is too good to lose.

When Marshall Aid Ends

The most important of the economic problems involved in an irrevocable partition of Europe—some aspects of which we discuss in a leading article—is the prospect of a large and continuing dollar deficit after 1952, when Marshall Aid comes to an end. If Western Europe is to carry the strain of the Atlantic Pact and, at the same time, is forced to balance its trade without a great expansion of trade with the Eastern Bloc, the dollars must be found somewhere. The hope of any significant extension of E.R.P. grants is slight: the House Appropriations Committee, in a mood of mixed optimism and parsimony, has already proposed a 15 per cent. cut in the funds for the next period. Since European exporters cannot expect to expand their dollar sales by anything like the amount needed to balance the annual deficit, the only remaining source is American private investment. The terms upon which this would be available have been stated this week with brutal frankness by Mr. Aldrich, of the Chase National Bank, who can fairly be considered as a spokesman for American investors. Europe must rearm on a scale sufficient for security; any borrowing country must have eliminated the threat of Communism; there must be "economic stability" and "realistic price levels," which presumably imply devaluation in some cases; and potential debtors must have the right "attitude of mind," promising to treat American capital fairly and to guarantee it against any expropriation. These, in short, are the conditions of any private investment in

the "American Century." They may be acceptable in the West Germany that General Clay has created: they would be intolerable for this or any other independent country.

Continuing Recession

The American recession is still gathering momentum. The official statistics reveal a further increase of 330,000 unemployed during April. Since these statistics are not complete, and since there is a growing number of workers on short time, the real unemployment level is somewhat higher. The average weekly wage has fallen by more than $2.50 in the last five months, and the working week, which now averages a little more than thirty-eight hours, is the lowest since the end of the war. The fall in demand, due in part to declining income and in part to consumer reluctance to purchase on a still falling market, has begun to affect production. The automobile industry, which had considerable arrears on its order books a year ago, is now able to deliver most models immediately. Mr. Alfred Sloan, the chairman of General Motors, predicted last week that both the car industry and industrial production as a whole would make big cuts in output before long—a belief shared by other economic analysts, some of whom expect wholesale prices and production to drop 25 per cent. below the peak reached at the end of last year. If they are right, this means a decline in the remaining months of this year of nearly one-fifth; for, in spite of the progress the recession has so far made, prices and production are still only a little more than 6 per cent. below the December level. Such a continuing decline could easily produce a total unemployment of more than ten million by the end of this year, which is the same as the hard core which even the New Deal could not eliminate until the war came to its rescue. This, of course, is not a crisis on the scale of 1931. It is a readjustment following wartime expansion of capacity and the satisfaction of pent-up demand. But it is sufficiently serious to give warning of dangers ahead. The European economy is still highly sensitive to American fluctuations, and the growing unemployment in, for instance, Belgium, Italy and West Germany, is related to the American recession.

Away from Fair Shares?

Mr. Strachey is apparently not yet converted by evidence that de-rationing of sweets has resulted in a situation in which there is an acute shortage of the cheaper varieties, but no difficulty, for those who have the money, in purchasing large boxes of *de luxe* chocolates. The annual conference of the Civil Service Clerical Association seems to have received a broad hint from the Minister that, in considering the question of "redundancy," it should take into account the probability of the food point system being abolished before the end of the year. To what length does the Government intend to carry the policy of rationing by the purse? Already we have gone far in this direction. The shops are well stocked with many goods which can be bought without points at prices much too high for the bulk of the consumers to afford; imported cheeses and fruits are examples. As a result, not merely do present glaring inequalities in standards of consumption make it virtually impossible for Sir Stafford Cripps to persuade the unions to accept continuance of the "wages stop," but the whole, still vitally necessary, system of rationing is discredited—even in the eyes of the working class. It is worth while putting up with the bother of ration books when big purses can buy such a disproportionate share of unrationed things? There may only too easily be a tendency, in consequence, to believe Tory arguments that there could be an end to needless austerity if only *all* controls were swept away. Indeed, there are indications that some Government advisers hold the view that, provided a very broad control is exercised over investment and imports, the less physical interference with free enterprise the better. In his growing "bonfire" of controls, Mr. Harold Wilson has already gone far to relax restraints on the use to which labour and materials are put.

Real "Consolidation"

In a Fabian pamphlet, *Labour's Second Term*, published this week, Professor G. D. H. Cole criticises forcibly the shortcomings in the programme which the Executive is presenting to the Labour Party's Annual Conference. Like Mr. R. H. S. Crossman, M.P., who contributes an article on this subject to our columns this week, Mr. Cole accepts the need for a pause for "consolidation" during the next five years, in the sense that he does not quarrel with the decision to propose a relatively unambitious programme of further nationalisation of industry. He is, however, concerned lest, by sweeping away controls, we have gone dangerously far in dismantling our defences against an American slump; and he is equally apprehensive lest the Labour Party may be drifting into acceptance of a kind of Keynesian Liberalism which would relegate Socialism "to a dateless future." In urging that the programme should be made more dynamic, he places greatest emphasis on the need not merely to democratise the State machine (Foreign Office and the "hierarchical Civil Service"), but, most important of all, to achieve real social democracy in the nationalised industries. Between this standpoint and that of Mr. Crossman there is a difference mainly of emphasis. In suggesting that forthcoming legislation for the nationalisation of further industries is of an importance secondary to that of the Government's administrative approach to immediate problems, Mr. Crossman in no way dissents from the Fabian pamphlet's thesis that Socialism is not merely "Liberalism *plus* Planning," and that "to strike hard at the gross inequality of ownership" is the next step towards establishing "a co-operative instead of a profit-making" system as the basis of economic activity. It is, however, with the extent to which we are tending to move retrogressively towards an uncontrolled economic scramble that Mr. Crossman is most concerned. If the Blackpool Conference were determined to get down to fundamentals, the question which it would propound to the Party's leadership could be reduced to simple terms. If you still further relax physical controls because they are unpopular with the capitalist, cumbrous and difficult to work, and if simultaneously you decide that the electorate is not yet ready to approve, as an alternative, the socialisation of every undertaking employing, say, more than 300 workers, how do you arrest the drift back to *laissez-faire*?

The Greek Deadlock

It is high time for Mr. Bevin to recognise that what the British and Americans are about in Greece is not the defence of democracy against totalitarianism, but the bolstering of a regime which has enacted a new and bloodier version of the Metaxas dictatorship. Incapable of "winning the peace" on any terms acceptable to democracy, it has now shown itself equally incapable of winning the war. The guerillas to-day are as strong as they were a year ago; the dictatorship, as its frantic calls for more military aid from the West demonstrate, is growing weaker. If British and American forces withdrew, the guerillas might win: there are signs, for instance, that the Athens army is no longer fighting with a firm morale or hope of success. In existing conditions, however, what seems likely to happen is a long-continued deadlock from which only chaos and anarchy can emerge. In these circumstances international mediation—which the guerillas have suggested and Athens summarily rejected—seems the only sensible course, whether in the defence of democracy, of the lives of the Greek people, or of British interests in the Eastern Mediterranean. To refuse mediation on the grounds that it would merely "open the gate to Communism" is unjustifiable. As Mr. Sophianopoulos points out in an interview, this week, with Mr. Alexander Werth in the *Manchester Guardian*, Dr. Evatt's conciliation proposals—truce, amnesty, supervised elections—remain the only alternative to anarchy. To argue, as Mr. McNeil did in rejecting the Soviet offer for joint action to stop the civil war, that mediation would be an unwarranted interference in Greek domestic affairs, is the purest sophistry. The whole course of Greek politics since the end of 1944—and perhaps earlier—has turned upon the undeniable fact of British and American intervention. The only saving thing that the Western Powers can now do is to cap their long and regrettable interference in Greek affairs by one more act of interference—by supporting mediation through the United Nations or some other qualified body. It is to be hoped that Mr. Bevin will use the meeting in Paris to advocate this necessary act of mercy and political wisdom.

Christian Fascism?

The broad valley of the river Po is once again the scene of bitter labour battles. Like their fathers before Fascism, the *braccianti* of the plains of Emilia and Lombardy have waged, since 1945, an unrelenting war for better conditions, more pay, and stronger union organisation. Early this month they began another strike. As in the past, they have collided violently with the police. The police, true to form, have used their guns; and, last week, a striker was shot by a farmer in circumstances which recall with uncomfortable clarity the origins of the Black Shirt gangs of 1922. This shooting provoked a two-hour protest strike of all workers in Milan, while the farm labourers' strike is now spreading to other branches of agriculture. It remains to be seen whether Signor Fanfani, the Minister of Labour, who intervened between the two sides last week, will be capable of making more than a patched-up settlement. Italian Governments since the war have failed to solve the structural problems which impede the healthy development of Italian society. Radical alteration of the old pattern of ownership and privilege was given high priority in the programmes of the democratic groups and parties which emerged from the collapse of Fascism. Without land reform, it was said on all sides, progress and stability could not be brought to the Italian countryside. Even the Christian Democrats were pledged to this. Yet no structural changes have taken place. Signor De Gasperi's proposed land reform—if it ever gets beyond the paper stage—will do little more than shuffle the ownership of large properties among a rather larger number of owners. It will do nothing to abolish the old evils of absentee landlordism, out-moded tenancies, and acute

hostility between landlord and labourer. The millions of poor and landless peasants are left to fight for themselves as best they can. Rightly or wrongly, this makes the underdog see Christian Democracy as Christian Fascism.

Progress in Indonesia?

With the active and patient co-operation of the Uno Commission, the Dutch and the Indonesians are now getting down to the business of implementing the Agreement signed on May 7. This Agreement was made possible by the willingness of the Dutch representative, Dr. van Royen, to concur in the return of the Indonesian Republican Government to Jogjakarta and by the intelligent approach which Mr. Merle Cochran, the American member of the Commission, has adopted throughout to the Indonesian problem. The first part of the Agreement is now under way. People who wish to leave the city are being withdrawn; at least half of them—and their numbers are not yet known—seem to be Chinese, some of whom, at any rate, have collaborated with the Dutch during their occupation, and who may therefore fear retaliation. The evacuation should go through without any undue disturbances, since it is supported by the Sultan of Jogjakarta, who has consistently maintained the Republican cause. Meanwhile, according to a recent Uno communique, talks are proceeding about other parts of the Agreement, about military matters, and about the desperate economic and financial problems which Dutch military action has exacerbated. Dr. Beel, the Dutch Representative in Indonesia, whose reactionary toughness has stood in the way of any agreement in the past, has now been superseded by Mr. A. H. J. Lovink. With the sudden death of General Spoor, new and (we hope) more conciliatory negotiators will have to be found. So far so good. But there are plenty of pitfalls ahead. The cease-fire order may be agreed upon, following the return of the Republican Government to Jogjakarta; it remains to be seen whether the guerillas will observe it, particularly if there is Dutch provocation, and whether the Republican Government in Sumatra, which seems now to have moved considerably to the Left, will support Dr. Hatta and President Soekarno in their talks with the Dutch. After their past experience of Dutch tactics—over the agreements of Linggadjati and Renville, and over military action last December—it will not be surprising if the Republican leaders are cautious and "difficult" to-day.

Trouble on the Railways

The one-day strike of the locomotive men on the North-East coast has nothing directly to do with the general tension among the railway workers since the rejection of their modified wage-claims by the Railways Executive. It is simply a protest against new conditions of work that may involve a man being thirty-two hours away from home, and having to spend up to three nights a week away from his family. The issue is not one of the payment to be made by way of compensation, but of the men's objection to the proposed conditions; these, they say, could be amended with only a few minutes' delay in changing crews on the trip. The Executive retorts that it cannot run its speeded-up summer services without causing the men this inconvenience, for lack both of enough spare crews and of the means of fitting in the additional trains if they have to stop to change crews on the way. The layman cannot judge, in such a case, who is right: a good deal turns on the attitude of the unions nationally, and on the practices prevailing on other routes. Meanwhile, in the larger dispute about wages, Mr. Isaacs is seeing the N.U.R. leaders, but has made it plain that he has no power to intervene in the dispute or to overrule the established bargaining machinery. As we have pointed out more than once, the railwaymen have a strong case, particularly for substantial improvement in the payment of the grades at or near the minimum; and it is not easy to understand why the Railways Executive has persisted in its entirely negative response. The railwaymen are undoubtedly restive; and the Government can hardly want to provoke a stoppage, or even a series of protest strikes, on an issue on which most working-class people are likely to be on the railwaymen's side.

Fifty Years of Ruskin

Ruskin College, Oxford, which celebrated its Jubilee last week-end, has had its ups and downs since it was founded in a fit of enthusiasm and without any endowment in 1899. For some time past, under the skilful guidance of its Principal, Mr. H. L. Elvin, its standing has steadily risen. It has not only more students than ever before, but also higher standards and a clearer notion of what it is trying to do. At all times Ruskin has made an important contribution to the training of men and women for the service of the Labour movement: it has supplied not a few who have become national leaders, such as Jack Lawson and Sir Robert Young, and many more who have played a notable part as local councillors and subsequently in many cases M.P.s, trade union officials, teachers in adult education, and social service workers. Ruskin is the oldest residential adult college designed for working-class students, and still much the most important.

Its founders—primarily the three Americans, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Vrooman and the historian, Charles Beard—planned for colleges and classes all over the country; but that was before the W.E.A. came in to meet a large part of the need, leaving Ruskin to concentrate on its residential courses at Oxford and on its correspondence department. The University, after some initial hesitations, welcomed the new venture, thanks to the efforts of such men as Professor York Powell, Sidney Ball, and A. J. Carlyle; and for many years Ruskin students have sat, with an excellent record of success, for the University Diploma in Economics and Political Science. Latterly, not a few have gained University scholarships from Ruskin, and have done well in full degree courses.

The College has already outgrown its main site in Walton Street, and has a big hostel—formerly Sir Michael Sadler's house—on Headington Hill, where it may some day build enough to concentrate all its activities. That means money; and it is now launching a Jubilee Appeal, to be used both for this purpose and for more scholarships and a bigger staff—a good cause, to which the Trades Union Congress and some of the big unions have already made a handsome response. Long ago, Ruskin came under fire from the Left, and was accused of poisoning the minds of its students with capitalist economics, instead of preaching the pure word of Karl Marx. There was even a famous students' strike forty years ago, leading to the establishment of a rival which has turned into the National Council of Labour Colleges. But that is an old story, and Ruskin has gone on its way and been generally accepted as an institution that seeks, not to indoctrinate its students with any particular brand of Socialism, but to help them to think clearly for themselves.

PARLIAMENT: C.O.I. & M.O.I.

Wednesday

A SLIPUP—the term was first used in the House by George Isaacs—is a departmental indiscretion discovered by the Tories and laid on the surprised Minister's doorstep. Some Ministers are inclined to say, "No, no. It isn't mine"; till at last, a triumphant Opposition Member pulls out a letter signed by an official, and the Minister, pale and sweating, sinks lower into his bench, even though he raises his feet defiantly on the Table. But not Morrison.

He was obviously somewhat startled when Bracken, during the Information Debate, told him that one of the C.O.I. clerks had been trying to get into touch with Mr. J. Swift. He might have been even more affected, had not the Inland Revenue, as Driberg pointed out, once tried to collect income-tax from Mr. John Gay when the *Beggars' Opera* was running at Hammersmith under a Tory Government. As in elections, so in debate, the Tories prefer the distracting stunt to argument about the merit of a case. But Morrison whisked away the "Swift" diversion by calling it "a fair cop," and pressed calmly on with his justification of the C.O.I.

Bracken, attacking the Office of Information, was at least consistent in repeating his war-time views. No Minister in recent times can have advertised as fervently as Bracken at the M.O.I. that he wished his Ministry dead; yet few Ministers could have been so successful in making their Ministries bigger with each cut. Bracken's error lay in imagining that the efficient, economic C.O.I. is the same organisation as the flabby, sprawling, overteamed M.O.I.

The Tories who followed him in the debate fell into the same confusion. With the M.O.I. in their mind's eye, they thought they were attacking the C.O.I. With Morrison as their antagonist, they were really attacking Bracken. Their arguments on principle were anachronistic, and when they came to current analysis of the C.O.I.'s work, they could merely produce a dismal catalogue of trivia.

If two undertakers' mutes had suddenly delivered a funeral oration, the effect could scarcely have been more melancholy than the recitation by Crosthwaite-Eyre and Keeling of their charges against the C.O.I. As comedians are known by their eyebrows or their habit of falling flat on their faces, so M.P.s bear the trade-mark of their pet fixation—herrings, Social Credit, taxation of land values or unrequited exports. No speech is complete without a reference to their obsession. It was inevitable, therefore, that Crosthwaite-Eyre, who once had some success with the subject, should have censured the Government for leaving out all mention of unrequited exports in one of its pamphlets; and that Keeling, in his campaign for arid English, should have complained of the Government's elaborate language in the 1947 Economic Survey.

One major question of the debate remained unanswered. When is information propaganda? The Tories said that the C.O.I. should limit itself to facts. But every debate shows that in economics there are no facts, only opinions. During the Finance Bill Debate, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, sunburned after his Italian holiday and fully restored to Socialism, told industrialists, amid Labour cheers and Tory "Oh! Oh!s," to lower prices by reducing profits. The Tories could scarcely believe that this was the self-same Chancellor who but a short month ago, with fine moral courage, respect for facts and disregard for his political future . . . and so on.

There is, as Wyatt pointed out, a contradiction between the Tory cry of "Tell the people," and their objection to Government publicity. It is indeed difficult to see how a Labour Government or a Conservative Government can avoid interpreting events in the light of its own policy. But the Fuel and Power Debate showed that in nationalised industries, where contact between Government and workers should be closest, there is still a lack of knowledge among workers of the Government's purposes. Gaitskell's rather petulant criticism of the Fabian pamphlet on coal did not contradict what Jennie Lee called the "miners' shut-out feeling." A Labour Government, based on popular support, cannot survive without a constant exchange of information with the people.

MAURICE EDELMAN

TWO EUROPES

MUCH more even than the future of Germany is at stake in the negotiations between the Foreign Ministers. The struggle for Germany's soul and body involves issues on which hang not only the chances of war and peace in Europe and therewith over all the world, but also the entire shape of European development during the critical years ahead of us. In the Paris discussions military, political and economic factors are inextricably intertwined.

From the economic standpoint the division of Europe into two zones with only a low level and a limited range of trade between them is patently absurd. It is against all historical precedent and entirely irreconcilable with the maintenance of the present economic structure of Western Europe, if not of Eastern Europe as well. It involves not only a dependence of the West on dollar food supplies for which the Western countries can by no means afford to pay when Marshall Aid runs out, but, in addition, the impossible task of fitting a restored German industrial capacity into a market structure in which there is no room for it, save at the expense of the exporting industries of its neighbours—especially Great Britain. The natural outlet for German experts is largely to the East and South-East, where they are badly wanted.

A problem, however, at once arises. It is not merely a question of allowing Germany to send consumers' goods to Eastern Europe, whose chief need is for capital goods to increase its own productive capacity. Capital exports cannot, however, be sent out in the required quantities without strengthening the Eastern Bloc, including the Soviet Union, in a military sense. Thus impracticable attempts are made to limit East-West trade as far as possible to exchanges of food for consumer goods and to find outlets for German and other West European heavy industries in markets elsewhere—in colonial and other undeveloped areas.

A prosperous Germany—and indeed a prosperous Britain—must be free to trade with Eastern Europe without hampering military conditions. But, with the Russians in their mood of the past two years, is this possible? Most Frenchmen, many Americans and some British people will say no. But the Americans, who have to find the dollars both to keep Germany going until it is allowed to struggle back on its own feet and to subsidise the rest of Western Europe in order to enable it to re-arm as well as to keep going economically, not unnaturally find themselves in two minds. They have so far been trying to have it both ways by urging the West to build up, with the aid of the British Commonwealth, a viable economic unity that can live without much trade with Eastern Europe and can find room within it for the products of German industry as well as for that of the other West European countries. As they come to realise that this solution is quite impracticable—for the United States of Western Europe, even with the Commonwealth thrown in, cannot become a unity at all resembling the United States of America—their minds are bound to turn to any other expedient that holds out the prospect of escape from a permanent liability to finance the West.

Now the obvious expedient would be an unlimited resumption of trade between Western and Eastern Europe, involving the re-establishment of close economic ties between Western Germany and the Soviet Union and its satellites. Only such a set-up of economic relations is consistent with the withdrawal of American aid without West European collapse. But, obviously, the acceptance of this solution would involve a sharp reduction of economic stringency in the East, and an increase in the economico-military power of the Soviet group. The question is whether the Americans, when they are driven to face this dilemma, will prefer to go on spending money indefinitely on maintaining Germany and the other Western countries as a bulwark against Communism, or, in order to escape their financial liabilities, will let Western Europe help to "develop" the East and advocate a German policy consistent with that end.

Of course, few statesmen in any country, except the Soviet Union, will yet put the case so starkly, even to themselves or to one another. But the consciousness of the cost of continued cold war will incline American politicians especially to grasp eagerly at any Soviet gesture that can be interpreted as a will to a political *détente*, and, on the economic side, to give more and more weight to the plain demonstrations of Uno's European Economic Commission that Europe cannot recover, or prosper, except on the basis of unfettered exchanges between East and West. The French, dominated by the fear of a German revival in partnership with the Soviet Union, will mostly (apart, of course, from the Communists) take the opposite line. The British, as usual, will be poised between the other two, not because they have any third solution but because they see the strong objections to both.

Yet the risks of a *détente* are far less than those of a breakdown of the Conference. In Western Europe (including Great Britain) full recovery is impossible as long as we are governed in our actions primarily by the fear of war. For Eastern Europe the case is different: recovery and development there are not prevented but only terribly slowed down at a great cost in present suffering. The East can afford to keep up the tension, but at a high price. The West cannot afford to do so for a moment longer than the Americans foot the bill. Therefore, in a protracted cold war, the East has the advantage.

It does not follow, of course, that the Soviet Union will feel that this bargaining advantage outweighs the present damage resulting to the East from an economic boycott by the West. Its desire for a genuine *détente* may consequently be sincere. Alternatively, the Russian calculation may be that, by retreating today, the U.S.S.R. retains freedom of manœuvre tomorrow—always provided that the West does not resolve to settle the matter of bargaining advantages decisively by atomic warfare designed to compass the utter destruction of the Soviet Union as a world force.

Ruling out this solution—as we must if we prefer co-existence to co-extinction—we are left with an uncomfortable choice should the Soviet Union show signs of really seeking less unfriendly relations. We cannot rely on Russia's providing a basis for permanent living together in peace; but we cannot reject her overtures without feeling assured of a permanent will on the part of the Americans to go on paying us for not being self-supporting. In such a situation, we are bound, despite the risks, to seize on any chance for an accommodation, even though there cannot be a firm assurance that it will last. We cannot afford to miss any chance even of a limited agreement that offers a respite, under conditions that will aid European recovery, promote trade between East and West, and offer an innocuous market for the German industry. After all, the hope of a permanent accommodation rests on an improvement in conditions in Eastern Europe permitting these countries to concentrate on peaceful construction instead of war. This change of attitude will be prevented if, for fear of increasing the military strength of the Eastern Bloc, we hamper its economic advance.

THOUGHTS BEFORE BLACKPOOL

THE Blackpool Conference will be rightly concerned with one thing only—the preparation for the General Election. Even the expulsion of Zilliacus will be justified from the platform as assisting Labour candidates by sharpening the difference between Socialist and Communist foreign policy. Though a row about the Budget and the wage freeze is unavoidable, even here the differences will be patched up for the sake of electoral unity. On every issue the advice of the Executive will be: "Let's win the election first and settle our disagreements afterwards."

The authors of *Labour Believes In Britain* have been pre-occupied by this idea. *Let Us Face the Future* was the programme of a party which half expected to be in opposition. The formidable list of specific commitments, which it contained, has kept this Parliament in a state of furious legislative activity for four years. In this respect *Labour Believes In Britain* is far more cautious; it is a statement of intentions rather than a plan of action. It is not surprising, in the light of the experience of the last four years, that the Executive has been so careful to avoid specific commitments. Everyone knows that it is impossible to draw up a precise programme of foreign policy; but few people realise that, with no economic reserves to draw on in the event of a recession, and no possibility of predicting either the course of American-Russian relations or the way that America will dispose of her surplus after 1952, our domestic policies must be equally hand to mouth. In a continental State, such as America, internal factors largely determine foreign policy: on our exposed island, external factors increasingly dictate the conduct of home affairs. No sane person can blame the National Executive for failing to lay before the Blackpool Conference a cut-and-dried Five-Year Plan.

All the more remarkable, therefore, that a document which is rightly restricted to a statement of intentions contains a set of proposals for further nationalisation which, although fully justifiable individually, possess collectively neither vote-winning appeal nor much relevance to the economic crisis. A decision to take over most of Britain's industries would have been intelligible, particularly if the view is taken that it is impossible effectively to plan private enterprise. But the Executive clearly rules out the idea of such an extension of nationalisation, and believes that we must rely on controlling a mixed economy. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that, faced by a conflict between the "nationalisers" and the "consolidators," the Executive took refuge in a compromise which gave the substance of the case to Mr. Morrison but made concessions to his opponents sufficient to irritate the unconverted while remaining totally inadequate to satisfy any convinced supporter of all-out nationalisation.

The fact is that the demand for another crop of Public Corporations is non-existent outside the party and, even inside, it is much more vocal than widespread. The really strong feeling to-day is about the conditions in the industries we have already nationalised. If the Executive, having rightly excluded all-out nationalisation, had boldly stated that the main task in the field of public

ownership for the next five years is to make nationalisation a success; and that consideration of further schemes of nationalisation must be deferred until we have learnt the lessons of our inevitable initial mistakes, the Party's electoral chances would have been considerably increased, and the task of the second Labour Government considerably eased.

In private conversation the reply is often made that, though all this, of course, is perfectly correct, the Movement could not stand the shock of hearing it; having been taught to identify nationalisation with Socialism, it would have assumed that Socialism had failed if no new nationalisation schemes had been proposed. But the Labour Movement is not nearly so dumb as many politicians believe. Tens of thousands of trade unionists know at first hand the grave shortcomings of the nationalised industries, and there are millions of Co-operators who have never blindly identified Socialism with the Public Corporation. It is to be hoped that at Blackpool some of them will speak their minds and that the programme, in its final form, will concentrate, first, on the *socialisation* of the nationalised industries, and, second, on the first-rate proposal to use competitive enterprise by the State for breaking monopolies.

Above all, the Conference should avoid the mistake of assuming that the only test of whether the election programme is Socialist is the amount of new nationalisation it contains. The immediate test which faces Socialists is their attitude to controls and rationing. In 1947, we could point with pride to the contrast between the "fair shares for all" of Socialist Britain and the well-stocked luxury shops and empty working-class cupboards of Belgium and France. Of course, with food subsidies, price controls and social security, we can still point to a vast difference, but it is very much less obvious to-day. Decontrol, combined with the use of indirect taxation to deter demand, is actually widening the gap between the living standards of rich and poor. From the housewife's point of view, we are now a less equalitarian society than we were two or even four years ago. The increasing opposition of the trade unions to the wage freeze is due to an instinctive resistance to this tendency. The remedies they propose, particularly the control of profits, are often utopian, but their diagnosis is right enough. A rationed society *is* more equalitarian than one in which distribution is increasingly determined by the price system. To put it even more simply, two years ago everyone had the money to buy clothes; and they had to be rationed. Now rationing has been abolished, and the working-class by and large cannot afford to buy more than their old ration, while the rich are buying a great deal more.

Here is a real issue of Socialist principle. How does *Labour Believes In Britain* propose to deal with it?

> Controls over capital investment, distribution of industry, industrial building and foreign exchange will be required as permanent instruments of planning in a thriving national economy. But many controls are made necessary only by shortages. These controls—above all price controls and rationing of consumer goods—will be maintained in the interests of fair shares as long as acute shortages exist.

The error in this argument is that it implies a return to "normal peace-time conditions." Some of its adherents imagine that the export gap can be bridged with such permanence and stability that scarcity will become a hateful memory. Others, the more intelligent, assume that, since America must get rid of her surplus after 1952, she can be persuaded to continue giving a large part of it to us. On either of these assumptions, decontrol is intellectually defensible. It is a gamble on return to normalcy. What is difficult to understand is how a Socialist can make this gamble. If the physical controls are gradually removed, how can a Socialist Britain fend off the effects of an American recession? Keynesian pump-priming may succeed in America, with its huge domestic market; but it cannot ward off disaster for more than a few months in a country which has to export in order to buy its food and raw materials. This is not a remote problem. The American recession is still deepening and our own exports are falling off. A 10 per cent. drop in their annual rate would be sufficient to compel import cuts to the tune of £100,000,000 and set us back to the crisis conditions of July, 1947. But with this difference—that the second dose of working-class austerity would have to be far more socially unjust.

At Margate, in 1947, the Conference passed a series of resolutions which were sublimely irrelevant to the crisis which broke a few weeks later. Will this happen again at Blackpool? It seems only too likely if the Conference fails to recognise that controls and rationing were not a wartime aberration, but must be the normal instruments of Socialist planning in a mixed economy. What really distinguishes a Socialist from a Tory to-day is his willingness to use controls and rationing in order to maintain "fair shares for all" and full employment. The Tory wants to set the people free. Since his acceptance of full employment is only verbal—he really thinks that we need some unemployment to make people work—he is at least consistent. But the Socialist who regards controls as abnormal wartime expediences, and so renders himself incapable of making austerity socially just, is in danger of going the same way as the Labour Government of 1929. If the Blackpool Conference wants to talk real Socialism, it should turn its attention from the nationalisation of cement to the question why Mr. Strachey abolished sweet rationing instead of increasing the ration. Only if it repudiates the thinking which led to this experiment will it be able to frame an election programme which will rally the working-class.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A LONDON DIARY

IT was obvious that the Prime Minister could not disregard a rebellion in which sixty Members of the Parliamentary Party voted against the Government in defiance of a Three-Line Whip, but his method of disciplining rebels betrayed a smug Front-Bench complacency. When the Headmaster canes five of his junior prefects and gives the whole school a pie-jaw in the "gym," it is fairly safe to assume that something has gone wrong with his teaching methods. It is not an accident that every serious revolt in the Parliamentary Party since 1945 has been against a Government policy which has had enthusiastic Tory backing, though in the particular case of Ireland the Government's position was logically unassailable. Mr. Attlee finds it very difficult to realise that rebels in his party are not malignant "stabbers-in-the-back" or irresponsible children, but Socialists who passionately disagree on an important issue with the policy he proposes. His "firmness," so loudly praised in the press, was, in fact, a sign of political myopia and odd lack of human understanding; and its only result was to win for the victims a lot more sympathy from their colleagues, who know that their supporters throughout the country are increasingly worried about the remoteness of "their" Government from the rank and file. It is the leadership, not the loyalty, of the party that is being tested.

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Last week this journal remarked that the Polish Embassy had not been officially consulted before the arrest of Eisler; a statement to the opposite effect was first made and then withdrawn with apologies by the Home Secretary. Mr. Ede had clearly been misinformed by somebody. The incident confirms my view that the whole silly business is the doing of the Foreign Office, which seems to have taken it for granted that requests from American officials must be complied with whether or not they square with British liberties. Concern about the Eisler case is not to be measured by the noisy demonstrations of Communists. It is genuine amongst thoughtful members of all parties. When Eisler appeared before the magistrate, his counsel spoke with great assurance. The American case was apparently not ready. If it should prove that America is not armed with a good legal case, Mr. Ede may be saved from having to make an embarrassing political decision.

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Tammany Hall, the old "Tiger" of New York politics, seems to be losing its teeth. Nothing it could do stopped young Franklin Delano Roosevelt from winning a by-election to Congress. He failed to get the Democratic nomination—the Tammany machine is still strong enough for that—and ran as a Liberal, though he remains a member of his father's party. Few thought he could win in a traditional Tammany stronghold. His residential qualification was challenged; his wife was divorcing him in Reno just before the poll; and he had no professional machine to support him. Yet his thumping victory showed the appeal the Roosevelt name can still make and the growing popular dislike of the corruption and back-stairs politics of which Tammany has for so long been the symbol. This victory puts the young F. D. R. on the road his father travelled. Now he has shown his vote-getting capacities, he can try to follow that road onwards and upwards, with the next stop in the Governor's mansion at Albany.

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American political machines are having a hard life recently. Boss Crump, of Tennessee, had a bad beating last November. Now the Hague dynasty in Jersey City has been overthrown, to the sound of popular celebrations which, I am told, rivalled those at the end of the war. For thirty years, Hague, his family and friends have kept the city in their grip. Their machine used all the traditional methods to keep itself in power and to suppress opposition. Critics were jailed and harried by police persecution. Nepotism, graft and fraud flourished in the city hall. Hague himself, who once declared "I am the law in Jersey City," became a millionaire, though his official income was only eight thousand dollars a year. For a long time he carried on a personal war against the C.I.O., forcibly deporting union organisers and using the police to break up their meetings. Free speech was often impossible: city employees served the machine or lost their jobs. This sordid regime, skilled though it was at electoral fraud, has now been voted out. Its successful opponents, I notice, are themselves a dissident faction of the machine. Their first act was to secure a court injunction preventing the burning of the city records, which are certain to provide a great deal of evidence of the way in which the people of Jersey City have been swindled of millions of dollars. But machines are hardy creatures. They often recover from ap-

parently fatal defeats. Jersey City will need many years of house-cleaning.

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On a triangular blitzed site in Islington, dead men's money has been put to better use than some of its testators intended. Last Saturday Queen Mary opened Isleden House, the first block of flats in London to include special accommodation for old people. The enterprise is the work of the Trustees of the London Parochial Charities, who administer the consolidated charities of parishes in the City of London under a scheme made in 1883 for the better use of a large number of obsolete bequests. Isleden House has model flats on the ground floor for forty old people and larger flats for families on the floors above. The old people use a common dining-hall for one cooked meal a day and get other meals themselves in kitchenettes designed with real imagination to suit the needs of the aged. Every flat has central heating, an electric clock, a built-in loudspeaker giving a choice of the three B.B.C. programmes, a refrigerator built in at a height convenient to look into without stooping, electric fans to extract steam and cooking smells, a bath sunk six inches into the floor for easy access, large-headed taps for easy turning, lever-type door-handles for failing wrists to operate, shelves at easy heights, doors wide enough to admit invalid chairs. This is one way of using the idle millions in obsolete charity trusts to which Lord Samuel and Lord Beveridge will call attention in the House of Lords on June 22. There are many others, but the accommodation of the aged is an urgent problem of the immediate future.

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Every driver overtaking a car that is stopping should be on the look out lest the other driver may fling open his off-side door at the critical moment. Cyclists certainly suffer from this fear and, because they have a way of appearing in the driving mirror at the last moment, their fear is the most frequently justified. Many years ago the police, searching their books for some way of prosecuting motorists who did recklessly open their doors, lighted upon section 78 of the Highway Act, 1835, which says that if the driver of a "carriage" causes "any hurt or damage" to anyone in another carriage (including a bicycle) he is liable to a fine of £5. Most magistrates agreed that this fitted the case of a motorist hitting a passing vehicle by opening his door, and many were the convictions that followed. A few months ago the Melksham justices decided that this section of an ancient Act couldn't apply to a stationary vehicle. They dismissed a police summons, and when the police appealed to the High Court, the judges agreed with the magistrates. And now the Automobile Association, digging down into their records since 1940, have revived fifteen similar cases in which motorists were fined under this section. Since these motorists were wrongly convicted, they have been pardoned and reimbursed. Presumably the A.A. stopped at 1940 because you have to stop somewhere, but the convictions were going on long before 1940, many of them of course being unknown to the A.A. Other people who want their money back may find this an opportunity to demonstrate the efficacy of private enterprise.

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They say the climate's improving. The ice-cap is retreating fast. In Iceland they are turning up ground that has been frozen stiff since the sixth century and finding ploughshares and other proofs of ancient cultivation. This, they say, explains why we have a gorgeous spring—as well, no doubt, why we had the worst winter on record two years ago and the mildest I can remember last year. Anyway it's grand now, and even Mr. Park had to admit that we've had a nice drop of rain and that if all goes well the prospects are good for the fruit. But he is a cautious man, Mr. Park, at least in speaking words of good omen; he is much more afraid of the punishment of *hubris* than of the fate of Cassandra. The blackcurrants, I must admit, were caught by the frost and look like making a poor crop. The greengages won't be too good either. But what about the apples and, Mr. Park, *what about the pears?* Did you ever see them more promising? "I've seen frost enough to kill anything as late as May 27," says Mr. Park. Well, we ought to be safe in a few days' time then? Safe? No, indeed, says Mr. Park. Frost is only "one of the enemies." You can't tell about the apples until the end of June. We've not seen "the June fall" yet. There's a dozen pests that may destroy the crop. We don't even know how far the apples are pollenised and, if it keeps dry and there's a lot of wind. . . . "Still, Mr. Park, you admit there's a lot to fall and leave plenty, don't you? And some of it is already swelling and must have been pollenised?" Yes, Mr. Park admits that. But, after all, he hastens to add, if we get a good crop, then other people will get a good crop, too, and there will be a glut; even Cox's Orange won't be fetching more than about "twopence a pound." Even this fails to damp my optimism. After all, the ice-cap is a scientific fact, isn't it? But there is one thing in the garden that puzzles me. Why have no gladiolas come up in one particular patch where I know they were planted? Nearby their green and brown spearheads are thrusting strongly. Why this bare patch? We decide to investigate. No sooner do we lift the top soil than we are covered with ants. A nest. The earth is alive with ants and their eggs. The remains of the gladiola bulbs are there, shells, the insides eaten away. "Regular pests they are," says Mr. Park. "They'd eat anything that gets into the nest. . . . We've a great many enemies," he adds, looking up through the apple trees into the cloudless blue sky.

CRITIC

ROUNDABOUT TO BONN

At Bonn, a city on the Rhine,
Trizonia's Chiefs surrender now;
Preliminary peace they sign
With Western German Länder now.

Once more the flag of Weimar flies,
The Germans federate again,
The Constitution they revise,
And hail a German State again.

The Western Powers return the Ruhr
To mark Inauguration Day,
Proclaim the Basic Law secure,
And costs of occupation pay.

The day of independence dawns
With democratic unity
And Europe's most important pawns
Join Europe's free community.

The Western and the Eastern Blocs
The Germans in their sections woo,
Both bribe them with the ballot-box
And promise free elections too.

The German Parliament at Bonn
New guarantees will win for them;
(They hope the Western garrison
Will one day get Berlin for them).

The Constitution now will make
For progress evolutional,
The Western Fatherland will take
A Weimar constitutional.

The road from Weimar in the past
Nürnberg and Munich wound about,
But they are back at Bonn at last,
Although the way was roundabout.

So Germans now reincarnate
The Bismarck Bundesrat at Bonn
(The Western Allies could not wait
For any change of heart at Bonn).

Autonomy once more is won,
West Germany moves on again;
They've worked their passage home to Bonn . . .
It all begins at Bonn again.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD and give details of origin. Address to THIS ENGLAND, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Insurance against falling downstairs at council meetings will be taken out for East Suffolk county councillors.—*News Chronicle.* (Dorothy Jay.)

A six-seater charter plane will leave Croydon to-day with a case of English beer for Mr. —, of Epsom, who is on holiday at Cannes. Mr. — ordered it by phone. Cost: £162.—*Daily Graphic.* (R. E. Prentice.)

The costs of birth, of living and of dying have gone up until they are prohibitive. The reason is that the present order of things is unnatural and wholly artificial. — *Aberdeen Bon-Accord and Northern Pictorial.* (J. Cameron.)

It is abominable that you should allow such disgusting criticism of the dress of the daughter of the King of England. I should imagine the author is either a Communist or a foreigner.—Letter in *Daily Express.* (H. K. Dean.)

First my thanks to the many helpers throughout the Division who made it possible for me to be returned with an adequate majority.

I refrain from using the word "Victory" for at bottom we do not want to triumph over our neighbours or to glory in their discomfiture at least so long as they believe in England and are prepared to stand by the Union Jack come what may.—*The Beacon,* Official Journal of the Kingston-on-Thames Conservative and Unionist Association (K. E. Dale.)

PRIVATE WORLDS

It will be deplorable if the impression is created that *The Snake Pit* is typical of conditions in mental hospitals in Britain. Such an impression would, in fact, be unwarranted. Some of our mental hospitals are more backward than others; there is still room for reforms. But the worst abuses exposed in the Hollywood film as existing in some American State hospitals are quite uncharacteristic of British practice.

Nearly 60 per cent. of all cases admitted to our mental hospitals are uncertified. In some of the better places the proportion is about 80 per cent. Patients have been entering voluntarily and in the early stages of their illness, when there is a good chance of their full recovery. Mental practitioners fear that if they or their friends get the impression that a mental hospital is a prison, a zoo or a Belsen, it will be difficult, if not impossible, to persuade them to accept timely treatment. By the time they are certifiable and can be taken by compulsion, as socially dangerous, their illness will be so far advanced as to diminish their chances of recovery.

A further cause for concern is the possible effect on nursing recruitment. Mental hospitals are already understaffed. The success of treatment depends very much upon the numbers and, above

all, the quality of the male and female nurses. And it is "nursing" in the highest sense of the word, because it needs skill, understanding sympathy and patience. Gradually, more men and girls are being persuaded to accept the vocation. But, in the film, the attendants are not nurses but unskilled gaolers, jangling keys and man-handling the afflicted. Few will want to identify themselves with them, in the eyes of their friends.

Recently I visited Netherne Hospital, on the Surrey Downs. Nothing could be more remote from *The Snake Pit* than the conditions existing in this enlightened hospital. Let me say at once that it is one of the best half-dozen in this country; but it exemplifies the advances which could be general, now that the mental services are part of the State Hospital System. When I was there, patients, as part of their occupational therapy, were dismantling the padded cells, which are gradually joining the strait-jacket, the forced feeding and the other relics of Bedlam, as museum-pieces. Fences are down at Netherne; except for the violent, the senile and the unpleasant chronics, patients have complete freedom. They have their own cafeteria where they serve themselves without supervision. The women have regular "perms" and beauty treatment at a salon which would be an ornament to Mayfair. They have their club-rooms, where in lively and colourful surroundings they live a pleasant social life and entertain their friends. Notice-boards display the social activities organised and run by the patients—whist-drives, dances and (believe it or not) country rambles.

The gates of Netherne are unlocked. Patients cannot "escape," because there is no restraint from which to escape. Occasionally one may be "Absent Without Leave" but invariably he, or she, comes back. It is quite usual for a patient who has been discharged to walk up to the reception desk, with a suitcase, like a hotel-visitor, and ask to be taken back, because the strain of readjustment to the outside world is beginning to tell. With plenty of lovely Downland within the hospital estate, with a farm run by a patients' Women's Land Army and men volunteers, with spacious playing-fields and bowling-greens, patients have plenty of breathing space. Without escort they can go off for country walks on their own, drop into local pubs or meet their visitors.

Every week, the specialists from Netherne attend sixteen clinics at surrounding general hospitals. There they see the patients of whom doctors say "It's just nerves." They see them in surroundings which make no discrimination between the mentally ill and the physically sick. And those who obviously need hospital help they persuade to enter Netherne, of their own volition. These voluntary patients enter the reception wing of the hospital, which, if anything, is more genial than the average general hospital. The cases are "classified." No patients would be allowed (as in *The Snake Pit*) to associate with types much worse than themselves. They are admitted to the wards, and it is statistically true that the chances of recovery in the mental wards are appreciably higher than those of cases entering the medical or surgical wards of any hospital.

Violent cases, which in the old days would have been brought in in strait-jackets, strapped to a stretcher and muscularly dealt with, are today given narcosis. They are beneficently drugged, and are kept drugged. I saw a patient, aside from the others, tossing in the nightmares of her own delusions. A few hours later she was in a deep, healing sleep. Day by day, during the narcosis, they have to be treated as helpless, sleepy children. The nurses have to do everything for them but, as a Sister said to me, it has its own rewards. After a course of narcosis, the patients may be completely cured; in any event, they will be pacified and receptive of other forms of treatment.

One of the most useful ways of releasing tormented people from their neurosis is art. At Netherne and other hospitals, painting is now an accepted form of treatment. Patients are given paper and paints and, under an artist whose value is that he never intrudes upon the self-expression of the cases, they are told to paint whatever they like from their imagination. Not only do they work off their obsessions, but very often they paint their obsessions, and reveal the hidden canker which is gnawing at their sanity. I saw one illuminating picture by a concert pianist. She had painted a beautiful hand with a flash of lightning transfixing it. Her obsession was that she was becoming paralysed and would never be able to play again. Another was by a woman who had been shackled to a parent whom she had come to hate but had all the guilt of that hatred. When the parent died she became a recluse, shut herself off from the world and "went queer." Her first painting was of a high-walled garden, with barred gates and hen-coops like prison cells; it was her embattled self. As she improved, under treatment, the next was of a house with a spacious garden but with a high hedge shutting off the house next-door; the gate was half-closed. The third was a picture of her deliverance—again a house but with flowering gardens and sunlit sky; the gate was open and people were coming through the gate to visit the house.

Dr. Cunningham Dax, the medical superintendent, has now "married" painting to music. He plays classical music to the patients in the art-room and says "Paint that!" Each piece of music produces a different mood in the patient and a different expression. One man, suffering from a cerebral tumour, seemed, strangely enough, to be painting his own electro-encephalograph, an electronic device for recording the infinitesimal radio-pulses sent out by the brain-cells. The normal rhythm appears on the graph as a regular zig-zag; but, when there is an obstruction, or lesion within the brain, the cells in the neighbourhood send out different kinds of signals which "wobble" the graph. And so the obstruction can be located. The patient had never seen his graph but the lurid zig-zags which were his artistic response to music took the shape of his own distorted rhythm.

Even twenty years ago, mental hospitals were just prisons for some and retreats for others. With care, consideration and psychiatric understanding, patients might be rallied back to normal but the populations were largely chronics living, unhappily, in their own private worlds. Today, mental hospitals can give positive treatment. In the film, shock treatment is something to be dreaded; in some cases and in some hospitals it may be so, but in expert hands, electric and insulin shock can be merciful liberation of split minds. With bloodless surgery, by which a high-frequency "knife" divides the tissues and at the same time seals the blood-vessels, it is now possible to remove tumours at depths previously inaccessible. Direct surgical intervention in the form of leucotomy can, by cutting certain fibres in the front of the brain, sever the gordian knot of insanity. There has been medical dispute over leucotomy, some arguing that it merely exchanges one form of anti-socialness for others; but at Netherne, where nearly 400 such operations have been carried out, this is contrary to experience and, according to the doctors there, evidence of surgical imprecision. Over a hundred leucotomy cases from Netherne have been restored to active social life.

As they unlock the hospital doors and throw away the keys, the medical staff at Netherne and similar hospitals are unbolting the dungeons of the human mind and setting free the imprisoned selves. But it depends upon their being accepted as benefactors and not as gaolers, and upon patients co-operating voluntarily and not under compulsion. Netherne, with 80 per cent. voluntary patients, discharges eight out of ten patients after treatment. The two figures are directly related; and if *The Snake Pit* discourages the mentally sick from seeking the help they need, it will have undone ten years' work in establishing public confidence.

RITCHIE CALDER

DONA NOBIS PACEM—II

HITLER barked his knuckles on Spanish intractability, and a mere tourist may find himself smarting under it within an hour or two of leaving France. On the night-train to Madrid I looked at a Spanish illustrated magazine and there were several pages of photographs of our Acid Bath Murder Mystery accompanied by inadmissible comment. A well-dressed Spaniard, spare and wolfish in face, shrugged off the question of the comment with disdain and said that Spanish magazines used to give a lot of space to gruesome and pornographic material. "*Porque en España . . . gusta!*" he cried, and he and two other men in the first-class compartment smirked and smacked their lips, as if they had tasted something strong. "Now, since the war of Spain, with the reorientation towards the Catholic Church, most of it is forbidden. . . ." A sharp, displeased silence. The wolfish man was an aviator, he told me, and had started a factory in Oviedo making heavy engine-oils. Business good. When I asked if his workers were paid well, he made an indescribable gesture, an elegant open-shut contortion of his whole spare body, which dismissed that subject.

The armchairs and sofas of the more hushed hotels in Madrid are padded out with the same sort of men, with the same gestures and foppish grey suits. They look merciless. Modern Madrid, its "gigantic facades contorted into perpetual laughter," blends disagreeably the slick commercialism of Milan with the gawping provincialism of Moscow. There are these playboy fops, dealing with aviation and electricity, with leather and silk, capering nimbly on the *Bolsa* (Stock Exchange), whose daily pulse is tenderly and respectfully taken by the newspapers; indifferent to the cut-throat struggle for survival which goes on under their noses. But the women dress badly, New Looks are unknown, and a stranger can hardly move for stares and shoves. The shops indulge a fashion for brutality not confined to heavy brass ornaments and inkstands, which show armoured horsemen spearing or trampling on something, but including even toys: like the one of the two little girl-dolls each leading a slavering bull-dog—one with a mauled duck between its teeth. And films advertise themselves with over-lifesize male figures in colour, with reeking guns. In the Prado you come upon the counterpart of this taste for brutality in the crowd of copyists who, ignoring the great realistic pictures of Velasquez and Goya, concentrate on copying the mild religious platitudes of a Murillo or a Vicente Lopez: Madonnas and infants bathed in shafts of angelic light whose replicas will find their way afterwards into many a pious home.

Stamp-buying at a tobacconist, I was offered supplementary stamps of 5 centimos each, carrying Franco's head and the caption "Help the child victims of the international war!" A bilious-looking man explained that Spain is

offering hospitality to homeless children of many countries: "English yes, and French and many German—mostly German!" The man was aggressive, contemptuous, and patronising, as if he'd said: "Spain's been left to clear up your mess and you don't know about it!" I was in Malaga when a batch of forty Austrian children, allotted to the care of that city, arrived there. The Malagan newspapers splashed it, with self-congratulatory comment and hortatory editorials and photographs of prelates extending avuncular arms about the shoulders of little ones engaged in eating their first square Spanish meal. The Church treated it as "*un gran obra social*," and at services issued handbills with a picture of a Spanish family at table with an Austrian child and the words "Take one of these children into your own home and welcome him as yours." Even had I not seen all this there would have been no excuse for not knowing about it, for it was talked about to the point of obsession by the people of Malaga, in the cafés and shops. They were bitter. They said: "It is terrible that this should be done while we are hungry. They ought to feed their own people first."

Malaga was visited, during my stay there, by a delegation of chiefs of British and American tourist agencies; a pleasing event to the Spanish authorities, indicating prospects of increased *turismo*. I hope those worthy delegates, in their fêted course, were not deceived by the rich purple masses of bougainvillea and the fountain-murmuring lounge of the Hotel Miramar. Malaga, with "the world's divinest climate . . . a city with a splendid future" (as the official brochure tells you) is a haunt of hunger and now near to despair. Beggars are as thick as flies. It is a moral torture to drink an apéritif outside a café in the sun. To give or not to give: that is the question every five seconds. I ordered coffee and a cake in a back street café above the port. Some flakes fell on the floor. A tiny ragged boy with an unblown nose came in from the street, felt about, and gobbled the flakes quickly and furtively under the legs of customers. Going out he saw me and stopped and pushed out his hand, and I was just feeling in my pocket when an old, old man, with stick and black glasses, who'd been sitting opposite, cried "Ai! Ai! Ai!" loudly, whereupon the boy vanished. I was curious to know whether that outburst had meant disapproval of the boy or emotion at the state of affairs. The old man soon left it in no doubt. "*Mucha hambre!*" he said. "*Mucha miseria!*" And his cry was echoed round the swarming streets, wherever I stopped and looked and listened.

The poverty of Malaga is startling. There are a great many out of work, who live by begging and street-selling (no other provision is made for them), and those who work are not earning enough to live on. The wages of workers range between 13.50 pesetas a day (about 5*s*.) for road-menders up to about 26 pesetas (about 10*s*.) for dockers, who also have piece-rates, and would be better off than others, but for the stagnation of the port. A clerk in a Government office earns 5,000 pesetas a year (£100), which puts him among the lowest-paid workers. This income is impossible to live on unless supplemented with other earnings; and one told me that he leaves his office every day about three hours too early and hurries off to put in time for a private firm; and that he only gets away with this because his superior is obliged to do the same.

The equivalents in English money to these wage-figures are based on the official rate of exchange, which greatly over-values the peseta in terms of purchasing power. The ration of bread per day is not more than the size of a meagre roll, and this bread is poor stuff; rations of oil, potatoes, and sugar are also negligible—4 lbs. of potatoes per week per family. To get enough, people must buy *Estraperlo* (Spanish for Black Market), where bread and potatoes, for example, cost three times as much as on ration prices: 1.50 pesetas instead of 0.50 for bread, 3 pesetas instead of 1.20 pesetas for potatoes. The *Estraperlo* system is extensive, and has become ruinous in its effects on the value of money and wages. The Andalucian poor are used to living on bread and a "tear of oil," eked out with a little fish, but they're now not getting enough of these; only the best off can buy fish and meat and clothes and medicines. *Estraperlo* has flourished grossly in the last year or two, getting worse all the time, and little is done to prevent the corrupt diversion of essential stocks. Port-workers will tell you that the *Carabinieros* and *Guardia Civil* (now an amalgamated police, though still with separate uniforms) are the deepest-dyed instigators and profiteers in corrupt smuggling. They all say, too, that the distress in Malaga is nothing to that of the villages and country places inland. "When you see bits in the papers," one man put it, "about the pious distributing of charity in some village you can be sure that it means that people there are dying of hunger."

GILES ROMILLY

(*To be concluded*)

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From "The New Statesman" of May, 1924.

East and West

The Anglo-Soviet Conference is proceeding with its work in a more or less leisurely fashion at the Foreign Office. Meanwhile the atmosphere outside continues to be befouled by mutual abuse and slanders both in London and Moscow. Trotsky is the protagonist on the Russian side, and the rôle he has assumed is inexplicable to us.

* * *

Politics of Oil

The Harding Cabinet . . . contained a Secretary of the Interior, Mr. A. B. Fall, who took a bribe of $100,000 from a leading oil promoter in consideration of the transfer of the great national oil reserve in Montana, known as the Teapot Dome, to his company . . . It is impossible for the unbiased observer to feel any sort of compassion for the Republicans in their distress . . . They chose a President who was pathetically unequal to his job . . . And they showed in high places a cynical disregard of public integrity and decency . . . Few public men are happy in the hour of their death. In our time none has been more conspicuously fortunate than Warren G. Harding.

* * *

A Man's a Man

The sex distinction has been very much diminished. A period of sex-fusion having set in, sex *qua* sex has lost its importance. Few well-dressed men today could derive any advertisement or advantage from being "manly." Few well-dressed women are required to be "womanly." It is not on the sex contrasts, in short, that success depends in the social context of life, either for a man or for a woman, but rather the contrary. A manly man today (the cave-man or policeman) is confined to the vast underworld of the artisan, footballer, and possibly clerk.

* * *

The Bulldog Breed

It is the plain duty of those to whom fair play and honest endeavour count for anything, to encourage by every possible means the Independent Bus Services now in operation (*Advt.*).

EVERY CELLAR A CINEMA

AMERICA is in the full tide of one of the great social revolutions of our time: television. It touches the average person more and more. Take my family. The children dash in every evening for permission to see "Howdy-Doody" at a neighbour's before dinner. Squatting there in the darkness will be a dozen watching a televised marionette show. Other shows follow. The children are dragged away by brute strength. A recent *New Yorker* cartoon puts the point: "Remember the good old days," a wife says to her husband with a gesture at the crowd round the television set, "when we didn't know where the children were?"

My brother-in-law called me up the other night. He has a set. "Come over to-night, there's a 'Meet-the-Press" programme, they're interviewing Senator Taft," he said.

The set is in the basement with chairs lined before it. They are left there permanently. What has happened is that every set owner now has a cellar cinema. We settle down. With wireless, conversation was still possible. There would be social amenities and passing of coffee as we sipped and listened. Not with television; it takes full attention. The room is darkened. My brother twiddles the dials. Four different programmes are available and he thumbs through their flickering pages or "frames" as they are called. Here is an old-fashioned "Western" movie. "Bang-bang-bang!" blaze the six-shooters, and the splendid horses go galloping across the screen. Next is a night club performance; we can hear this same music on the wireless, but here we see the dreadful crooners and comedians in person. The third is a prize-fight, a real one; a Negro 250 miles away in New York is pummelling his bleeding opponent and a knock-out seems imminent. It is almost impossible to flick past. Finally, our interview; round a studio table some of my colleagues of the Washington press corps are putting sharp questions to Mr. Taft, who is denouncing the Truman Administration.

With some exceptions these programmes are still crude and amateurish, though they are improving. The curved lens distorts the flickering faces. Everybody looks wan, consumptive and ghoulish. The light is a harsh glare. The dramas are as uncouth and garish as the early cinema. And yet they fascinate: that is the only word.

I think what is happening is one of the greatest technological and social changes that has happened in America, and my view is so widely shared as to be commonplace. Indeed, a revolution has been obscured by a platitude. The fact that everybody agrees that it is happening does not make it any less revolutionary. Something as earth-shaking as the Model T and the motion picture has arrived on the American scene. Edsel Ford, son of the creator of the model T, said the other day: "My father took the American family out of the home and on to the road; television is putting it back in the home again."

Am I lapsing into superlatives? Let me offer a few facts. On January 11 the Eastern and Mid-western television networks were linked. The Eastern area runs down the great seaboard cities from Boston and New York to Washington and Richmond. The Mid-western group, Buffalo, Cleveland, Toledo, Chicago and St. Louis had already been linked by co-axial cable and by micro-wave connection with Detroit and Milwaukee. Now these two groups have been joined by a cable from Philadelphia to Cleveland by way of Pittsburgh. This enormously increases the audience for any given performance. In other parts of the U.S.A. similar connections are being made. It is like the frantic rush of early railroading. Coast-to-coast television hook-ups are expected in 1950.

This means that before long much of the United States, which is not so much a nation as a continent, will be able to look at the same person at the same time by sitting in a darkened room and twiddling a knob. It compresses 3,000 miles into a single cellar. Last November 10,000,000 Americans in Eastern States watched President Truman being inaugurated in this city without leaving their homes. At the next presidential inaugural, four years from now, the whole nation can look on.

Television started here more slowly than in England. It was held up entirely in the war. But by January 1, 1948, there were 17 television stations. On January 1, 1949, the number was 52, operating in 31 cities in 22 States. Three more stations have been added since then, and 69 more are being built. By next January it is expected there will be 124 stations in 70 cities. Applications for 300 more licences are pending with the Federal Communications Commission, which acts as policeman of the air. But the situation has been frozen for the minute pending a prospective shift of the whole industry to ultra high frequencies. This will probably bring coloured television, but it will also make most existing television sets obsolete. F.C.C. Chairman Coy nevertheless predicts 400 transmitters within two years, and 1,000 within seven.

The first effect of a home-owned television on the average family is much like that of a first cinema performance for a Hottentot. There is compelling fascination. World events simply pour out on the living-room carpet. The essence of television's magic, however, is not that it brings the outside world into the home but that it creates the illusion for the watcher of being himself at the scene that he is watching. He is there in person, following the football game with telescope eyes, listening to the Beethoven concert while the conductor waves his baton and the oboe player sweats, seeing a street procession or a public gathering. The effect of this illusion is spectacular, and upon children it acts like a drug. I have seen a gang of noisy unmanageable boys huddle before a set for hours, hardly speaking. Is this a good or natural thing? I don't know; it exists.

Other entertainment fields are thoroughly frightened, and with reason. Here again it is a cliché now to say television "will put them out of business." Yet this is said seriously, not with any thought of exaggeration. Television has just started and the programmes leave much to be desired. Yet a recent careful business survey indicated that families with sets did 68 per cent. less listening to wireless programmes in the evening than did non-television families, went to night clubs 42 per cent. less frequently, attended the cinema 20 per cent. less, devoted 18 per cent. less time to reading. Obviously, a new and devastating competitor has emerged. It is so easy to sit down in the evening and switch on the television and live vicariously! James D. Shouse, the head of the Crosley Broadcasting Corporation, said recently that he thought television stood "a good chance not of supplementing broadcasting as we know it to-day but of replacing it."

The effect on the nation of this vast, cheap, new instrument of mass visual education, entertainment and information can only be surmised. As America is approaching it, it is a great new public domain to be tapped, exploited and perhaps plundered by private industry. The economic basis of the programme is the advertisement of the commercial sponsor. It is thrown on the screen or mentioned by the performer verbally. There is no B.B.C. to collect an annual fee for each set and produce the programmes on money so raised. Big advertisers are switching from wireless programmes to television programmes, and it is obvious that the trend is just starting. Television's ability to picture advertised products, demonstrate their use, even to take viewers to shops and counters to look at merchandise actually on display is self-evident. As we watch a baseball game the name of the safety razor company that is "sponsoring" the show is flashed on between innings; a soft drink manufacturer extols his delicious beverage between rounds of a prize-fight by song and picture. Big money is coming into the new industry, but it is doubtful if any of the stations are yet paying their way, though some are close to it. There is absolute certainty now, however, that golden fortunes are to be made.

For people who rather dread the prospect, who don't like change and are repelled by what they see on the television screens so far, there is a sort of fatalistic feeling engendered by all this. The handwriting is on the wall, plainer even than the flickering image on the television screen. Every week some new roof in the suburban "block" where I live displays the unmistakable television antenna, a small horizontal H raised above a larger H. These appear on clubs, embassies, apartment houses, Negro homes in poor quarters. Huge, steel transmitter towers are going up on the edges of Washington, spoiling the skyline with their twittering red lights to warn off airplanes.

The revolution is happening rather absent-mindedly. National attention is on other matters, on Moscow and the Atlantic pact, and one of the great social changes in history is simply being taken for granted. RICHARD STROUT

SO THEY SAY . . .

On Monday of last week the "world's greatest newspaper" felt in duty bound to warn its readers, in a front-page story under a seven-column headline, that a further period of belt-tightening was now unavoidable.

Daily Express, May 16:

5D. CUT IN MEAT LIKELY

Another cut in the meat ration . . . is now almost certain. Both corned beef and fresh meat may have to be reduced. It is possible that for a time the ration will drop to . . . around 8d. . . . Official news reaching Whitehall last night was that the meat negotiations have failed. . . . The prospect of supplies from other sources in the near future is not bright. . . .

That afternoon the Minister of Food announced in the House of Commons that the fresh meat in the ration would be increased from 11d. to the full amount of 1s. 1d., eliminating the corned beef altogether. Next morning the readers of the *Daily Express* might, if they had looked carefully down near the bottom of column 6, have discovered a 3in. story:—

WINDFALLS CUT OUT BULLY BEEF

. . . This is (1) to conserve corned beef, as no new imports will come from the Argentine if, as seems almost certain, negotiations for a trade agreement finally break down, and (2) because Mr. Strachey has had some windfalls of fresh meat from France, the Dominions, Ireland and the U.S. . . .

How it Happened

Daily Express, May 20:

Because the "Mad Parson" ruined so many loaves, Mr. Frederick Hilkene, who employed him as a baker . . . sacked him. . . . While [Mr. Hilkene] travelled [home] he saw in the *Evening Standard* a photograph of the wanted man. . . . "But that's the man I sacked," said Mr. Hilkene, and he told Wallington Police Station.

Daily Mirror, May 20:

An alert young police-constable doing a turn of plain-clothes duty was responsible for the arrest of . . . the "Mad Parson." . . . The policeman saw a man reading the "wanted" notices outside a London police station . . . and shadowed him to his lodgings.

Daily Herald, May 20:

Three detectives entered a bed-sitting room . . . and walked over to a sleeping man . . .

Daily Mail, May 20:

Two plain-clothes policemen . . . knocked at the door of a room. All they heard was the singing of canaries. The officers burst in. Lying in bed, reading a book—"How to Keep Canaries"—was . . . the "Mad Parson."

News Chronicle, May 20:

The police made a purely routine visit. They did not expect to find Allen . . .

Which Paper Do You Read?

Daily Herald, May 13:

Mr. Herbert Morrison, naming the members of the Committee of Inquiry into the organisation of the B.B.C. . . . told the Commons . . . the terms of reference were wide enough to include the relationship of the Corporation with organisations representing its employees.

Daily Mail, May 13:

Mr. Morrison said the terms were not wide enough to include the B.B.C.'s relationship with employees' organisations.

That's Telling Him!

Each day last week, below the heading "The Unheeded Voice," the *Daily Express* began its editorial column with an extract from speeches made by Lord Beaverbrook in 1929 and 1930. Under the first of them (on Monday, May 16), at the end of the column, there appeared No. 4 in the *Express's* current series of sermons for the breakfast table, "Think it Over," which began:

Who is the bore among you? The "I-me-my-mine" man. He is the bore. He cannot forget himself, and he won't let you forget him, either . . . AUTOLYCUS

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Britain

. . . After several years away from them, I now find myself mixed up with films again. The fact that we must now spend less on making them only encourages me. I never did like those producers' gigantic budgets. Films are rarely good when there is money to burn in the studios. The very best films have usually been produced on the edge of bankruptcy—in the Germany of the 'Twenties the France of the 'Thirties and now, since the war, in Italy. There is no mystery about this. When money is scarce, producers and directors, writers and actors, are left in peace to use their wits. They can take chances they are not allowed to take when "the industry" is fat with capital and black with bankers and accountants. The producers here who used to boost up the costs (partly because they saw no chance of obtaining a reasonable share of the profits their films might make) were doing an injury to films as adult entertainment. To lower the costs of film production is to open the gates of opportunity. Much can be done by script-writers and directors, who could work together to eliminate unnecessary and expensive large sets, crowd scenes, fancy long shots. Too many producers still assume that filmgoers pay their money to see liners moving out, railway stations, airports, crowds in the street, as if the film had just been invented. Some of them will save money on the script, which is all-important, to fling it away on "production value" that nobody wants any longer.

The film world is the last of the fairytale worlds. The people in it spend their time searching for Aladdin's ring and lamp. One wave of the right wand and you are transported from a back room in Bloomsbury into a suite at Claridges'. Mysterious characters from Central Europe emerge from obscurity, are seen smoking eight-inch cigars in the most expensive restaurants and putting the very waiters under contract, and then melt like snowmen. Girls who have been living on baked beans in students' hostels are suddenly discovered smiling over their mink at Cabinet ministers in the foyer of the Empire. Success is a mushroom a hundred feet high. There is a magic formula—and now Smith has it ("Get after him"), now Robinson ("That's the chap we want"); but they are all really waiting for Rumpelstilzchen. There are of course hundreds and hundreds of sensible conscientious craftsmen and technicians in this business, all neatly organised into societies and unions, but nevertheless the fate of these fellows still largely depends on what is happening to the seven-league boots, the cloak of invisibility, and the woodcutter's youngest son. When I used to hobnob with very important film producers, Caliphs of Baghdad, for a long time I could never understand why they were always taking telephone calls from Cape Town, Melbourne, and Portland in Oregan. Finally I came to the conclusion that these calls helped them to believe somehow that they were real. Who would telephone a subjective phenomenon, a sorcerer's illusion, from Portland, Oregon?

Nearly all film money is fairy gold. I have known men who toiled for years in the glittering mines of Beverley Hills only to discover in the end that they owned nothing but the dead leaves of bogus oil shares. Nearly all those fabulous sums, about which we read in the press, seem to wither away. Five hundred pounds a week in films are worth about fifty pounds a week anywhere else. Perhaps most of it goes to pay off witches and leprechauns. But this magical influence cuts both ways. Bankers and presidents of insurance companies, who would not invest a couple of hundred pounds in a weekly review, in book publishing, or in the Theatre, will be lured into the crystal castle of the films, possibly by Puss-in-Boots, and will begin writing cheques for millions. Even Whitehall hears these horns of elfland, catches the gleam of Eldorado.

The confusion at the receiving end of films—hastily by-passing the profitable hocus-pocus of distribution and exhibition—is due to the fact that the film is an art form, all-round popular entertainment, and a new mythology. This leads to cross-purposes. Thus, a conscientious film critic will imagine that he is being asked to notice an art form when his readers want nothing but a guide to all-round popular entertainment. One's attitude can change according to where one happens to be. When I see a film in the West End of London, I approach it as a work of filmic art; but when I see a film in Newport, Isle of Wight, all I ask for is an hour or so of idle entertainment. Incidentally, Hollywood "B" pictures, which critics rarely see, are often much better than the expensive star-studded first feature films, because far less money is at stake, they can often risk a sensible story, and are not condemned to show us happy endings, fadeout kisses, sunsets with those incredible Hollywood choirs pouring our melted milk chocolate. Some of these "B" films have a good semi-documentary background of men at work, building bridges or skyscrapers. Others catch exactly the sharp tone and sour astringent flavour of the best American detective tales. It would be fun to own a modest little cinema and to show nothing but the best "B" films.

The film as mythology has not received enough attention from the anthropologists and psychologists. Here the players become archetypes, smiling in the light that never was on sea or land. The Anima, Animus, Holy Child, Wise Old Magician and the rest are all here. The lost gods have returned. A visitor from another age who noticed the long Sunday queues at our enormous Odeons and Granadas, overshadowing the little chapels, would conclude that our younger folk are zealous in their worship. And, after all, whatever moves simple people in the mass must send down a deep root into human nature somewhere. Our social philosophers should enlarge their researches.

The other day I met a man I know whose job it is to arrange the "personal appearances" of the stars in a large British film organisation. He described to me the scenes of frantic enthusiasm, the cordons of police, the screams of delight and wonder, the swoonings and riots. Nothing new in all this, of course, but what astonished me was that all this fuss was about young men and girls whose names were strange to me, though I know something about entertainment. This crazy enthusiasm was not for a Garbo or a Chaplin but for a Bill Jones or little Suzy Snooks who was quite unknown a year or two ago. And if Bill Jones had really saved somebody from a burning building, instead of merely acting the part, there would not have been these crowds. Again, Suzy Snooks is no better-looking than fifty girls in the town where her appearance has caused a riot. And these mobs are not made up of connoisseurs of acting, and indeed the acting of Jones and Snooks are no great shakes. What then is the magically compulsive attraction? It lies somewhere in the film itself, in the mysterious enchantment of this dream life of the screen to millions of simple minds and empty existences, in the mythological appeal.

Will Television, about which you are more excited than we are at present, capture this mythological appeal of the films? My guess is that it won't. A corner of the parlour is not an adequate substitute, from this mythological point of view, for the vast dim spaces of the picture theatres where the archetype images are now projected. It is one thing to be a member of a huge engrossed audience, a hushed congregation of worshippers, and quite another thing to sit at home with the family, commenting as you please. No, in my view, Television will have to make its way simply as a tiny domestic theatre and pictorial magazine, and no doubt it will do very nicely. But the plays will be plays and no longer a projected dream life, and the players merely players and not archetypal shadows. And how odd it would be if the decline of the films and the popularity of Television should clear the way for a new religious revival! Meanwhile, please consider—which is what most people on your side or ours refuse to do—what the films have already done for America.

I say this, not so much because I have been thinking about films again but because I have been reading a new book about America, *Strangers Here Ourselves*, that is a rather slapdash untidy affair, though readable enough, but might be of some value here as a social document. The writer, Adam de Hegedus (of Hungarian origin but now settled in this country) had the excellent notion of going over to your side to discover what had become of a number of American soldiers he had met here during the war. He finds them in various cities, back in civilian life, doing a variety of jobs. There is nothing startling in his narrative but the result is a plain account of ordinary American life. It would be of no great value here if it were not for the fact that so many people have the most fantastic ideas of American life. Hollywood, assisted by the magazines and some sections of our own Press, has done the trick, floating us from Fifth Avenue and Miami to Bel Air and Santa Barbara, from duplex apartments to night clubs with everybody riding around in new sixty-horse-power automobiles. You catch these dream glimpses of American life when you are young and impressionable, sitting relaxed in the cosy dusk of the film theatres and then the trick is done. I doubt if Americans themselves realise that it is this dream way of life, this mirage of slender smiling girls and tall broad-shouldered young men, falling in and out of love surrounded by every possible luxury, that has captured most of the world's younger generations. It is not the Constitution or high production, the Supreme Court or the living standard, but Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer or Paramount that have planted the Stars and Stripes everywhere. The real American invasion has been led by Myrna Loy, Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire and Donald Duck. At this very moment, Danny Kaye has taken possession of the South-Eastern corner of Britain and will soon add the Midlands and the North to his own particular empire. It is the Marx Brothers who successfully challenge old Karl. The chief hope America has given Western Europe is Bob Hope. The people on this side of the Atlantic do not care tuppence about your mighty industrialists, your solemn Senators, your pontificating publicists, but, on the ironical other hand, your inspired zanies, idle-minded pretty wenches and imitation cowboys carry all before them, even rattling the Iron Curtain.

J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

MUNICH AND VIENNA—I.

Two hundred paintings from the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna provide the pictorial part of the spectacle in the Art Treasures from Vienna exhibition now at the Tate Gallery. At the same time, at the National Gallery, there are no fewer than 121 masterpieces from the Alte Pinakothek collection in Munich. I feel like D. H. Lawrence confronted by the Bible:

> Although I have "forgotten" my Bible, I need only begin to read a chapter to realise that I "know" it with an almost nauseating fixity. And I must confess, my first reaction is one of dislike, repulsion and even resentment.

Something not unlike this is what I felt on my first visits to the Munich and the Vienna pictures. For whereas modern paintings assail me, demanding my instant attention, the great works of the past are passive: they *await* my interested scrutiny.

Perhaps what really has to happen is a flight back through time. For there is no doubt that to achieve that trance-like condition in which we really enter an old work, exploring it as if for the first time, it is necessary to become in some sense contemporary with its creator. We are not in touch with the reality of an old picture until it affects us with precisely the same force as a Picasso affects us. When we are thus vitally moved by an Old Master, we find the thought and emotion conveyed are so urgent that the picture's familiarity, as a long-known object, has completely disappeared for the time being.

Before I pick my inexpert way amongst so many works of genius, a short list may give some hint of London's temporary enrichment. With V for Vienna and M for Munich, here is a table of the number of works (by a selection of the Masters represented) which we may see at both exhibitions. Rubens: 21 V; 17 M; Veronese: 7 V; Velasquez: 5 V; Vermeer:

1 V; Titian: 15 V; 3 M; Van Dyck: 11 V; 7 M; Rembrandt: 4 V; 7 M; Goya: 1 V; 5 M; Tintoretto: 10 V; 2 M; Lorenzo Lotto: 2 V; Giorgione: 1 V; 1 M; Giotto: 3 M; Botticelli: 1 M; Pieter Bruegel the Elder: 2 V; 2 M; Cranach: 3 V; 2 M; Dürer: 1 V; 5 M; Grünewald: 1 M; de Hooch: 1 V; Hals: 2 V; 1 M; Claude: 2 M; Poussin: 2 M; Murillo: 3 M; Greco: 1 M; Leonardo: 1 M; Raphael: 1 M; Signorelli: 1 M; Tiepolo: 2 M; Filippino Lippi: 1 M; Fra Filippo Lippi: 1 M; and much else besides!

For me the chief event—in both collections, it so happens—is Tintoretto. *Mars and Venus Surprised by Vulcan*, in the Munich exhibition and *Susanna and the Elders* in the Vienna, provided me with the greatest excitement. It used to be said of Greco that he was "modern": but now there often seems something strident about him; the sharp, simplified planes and the emphatic design seem a little too even in their emphasis and, above all, in their rhythm. We feel that Greco's structure is a too-insistent network of diamonds (like the Harlequin's suit): his vee-shaped forms have highlights like forked lightning and the rhythm they set up crackles monotonously up and down his canvases leaving no parts quiet, undisturbed. The Munich *Christ* is no exception to this and turning from that to the Tintoretto *Mars and Venus*, which hangs nearby, is like passing from a dramatic, emphatic Picasso to a tranquil, water-dark Braque in which a deep thoughtfulness has slowly found its majestic expression. The rhythms in both Braque and Tintoretto are slow, precise, immaculate. The surface of this *Mars and Venus* is a consummate design from corner to corner. Every part perfectly performs the miraculous double function of defining an arrangement of solid forms in space while at the same time so chopping up and ordering the picture surface that one's eye moves ceaselessly to and fro among the miraculously lucid silhouettes of the figures, draperies and other objects. But to this marvellous painting I hope to return in a later article.

After Tintoretto, Titian is naturalistic, having less care for the flat design of his backgrounds and almost ignoring the corner areas of his pictures. Indeed Titian concentrated everything into his figures: their massive volume, and the incredible subtlety of the means he employed for rendering that volume are what matter most with him. The relation of his figures, in the first place, to the rest of the composition and to the picture frame; and, secondly, to each other (where more than one is involved) was never particularly exciting. There is often a dullness of design about the centrally placed figure in many of Titian's portraits. One feels that he gave little thought to the relation of a single figure (*Pope Paul III Farnese* in the Vienna show is an exception) to the four edges of the canvas. So long as his sitter's centre of gravity was situated securely in the middle of the lower part of the picture, he was content to forget the picture surface and devote himself to that miraculous rendering of the voluminous form of his subject. His genius for elaborating a description of his subjects without sacrificing, in the slightest degree, the massive broadness of their form was perhaps Titian's most remarkable gift. Tassels and velvet, eyes and lips, leap brilliantly into focus: yet the fantastic clarity of such detail in no way implies that the broad underlying structure of form was in any way simplified or summary; it was never the mere carrier of the final intricate detail. On the contrary, every hair, every glisten or gleam of flesh is but the foam that rides on the surface of the heaving water out of which it has "grown," inevitably, organically in place. In Titian the detailed description of any form is but that form's most outward and final shape, as the skin is the outer limit and boundary of the flesh it covers. By comparison Raphael's forms lack detail. Titian could heap his observation of the particular skin of a particular face on top of his rendering of its more generalised forms; whereas Raphael's finish remained generalised, and without the detailed texture of the particular. Thus Raphael's faces, arms and bosoms have a suggestion of burnished wood or metal about them: the final bestowing of the texture of human flesh and skin never takes place in Raphael's paintings. His interest in extracting the intricate yet massive rhythms of generalised form overrides his interest in a particular subject as such. We are thus tempted to say that Raphael falls between two stools. For if he was not concerned, in the final analysis, with the nature of his subject—with its *particular* character and personality, as Titian was—should he not have gone all out after something even more idealized, formal, architectural, abstract? Michaelangelo pursued the purest course in this respect: the abstract element in Michaelangelo was completely dominant: his passion was to demonstrate the universal in the particular. The rhythms of his bodies are purified of any reference to particular people. There is none of Titian's evocation of real flesh and blood in Michaelangelo: with him the human form is transmuted into pure abstract form, into what we must call an ideal, even, a divine form.

Beside the Munich Raphael, *The "Canigiani Holy Family,"* hangs the Leonardo, *The Virgin and Child*. After the voluminous, rotund, machine-turned metal figures of the first the Leonardo figures seem spindly, almost Gothic; and there is a Northern and Romantic fantasy about the little scene; especially the distant mountains, which suggest a German fairy tale. Was ever a Latin genius nearer Northern Romanticism than here? Leonardo is not, of course, in the line of development which most interests a modern follower of Cézanne, Braque and Picasso. His painting was, we cannot help feeling, in some vital sense impure. I mean that it seems to have been the result of a working out of certain practical matters: you feel he painted in order to extend—by demonstrating it to himself in paint—his knowledge of the nature of the physical world. But painting is its own justification and reward for the greatest painters. And in their works we always find all the separate parts coalescing. Leonardo's forms hold aloof from one another: each stands apart, lonely in its perfection: the constructed wholeness of each in some way excludes the others from formal communion. He lacked a disinterested attachment to the purely formal.

PATRICK HERON

THE PALERMO FESTIVAL—II

SIDE-SHOWS apart, the 1949 Festival of Contemporary Music at Palermo spread itself over six evenings, during which some twenty-five more or less new works were performed. At such a banquet, no sensible person expects a diet of solid masterpieces, but what he may reasonably hope to find is variety; an intelligently contrasted and stimulating choice of fare; something like the tray of *hors d'œuvres* in a good pre-war restaurant. Once or twice, at Palermo, a national or individual flavour made itself felt; but the dominant note was one of mediocrity and monotony. From a high proportion of the music performed there emanated a sort of greyness, a tasteless, featureless musical ectoplasm which depressed everybody—public, critics, performers and composers alike. Each work was greeted with the same polite sprinkling of applause. The Palermitans, at first delighted by the novelty of the occasion and intelligently inquisitive about their international visitors, soon began to cool and stay away; musicians stood at the back of the hall, indulging in long, sibilant conversations during the performance of somebody else's long string quartet; and the heartfelt cry, "Oh, give me some Haydn!" was heard to ascend from a composer whom no one would dare to label reactionary.

When avowed partisans of modern music, people who have come all the way to Sicily to indulge their hobby, find themselves unmistakably bored at an I.S.C.M. Festival, there must surely be something wrong somewhere. Either no better music than this is now being composed or the best composers don't submit their best

Quiz....

1. *When is the B.B.C. Charter due for renewal?*
2. *Early in 1923 Tutankhamen's tomb was one of the two chief topics of conversation—what was the other?*
3. *Which English writer said that the surest way of enfeebling the minds of children is to teach them book-learning before they are capable of reasoning?*
4. *Name a country which runs correspondence courses by radio.*
5. *Who wrote: "Chippinge," "John Inglesant," "Useful Work versus Useless Toil"?*
6. *"Greek culture did not begin with the Parthenon; it began with a white-washed hut on a hillside." Which modern writer said that?*
7. *Who is Director-General of the World Health Organisation?*
8. *Who was Dr. Blimber?*
9. *In which English town have the Public Libraries been reorganised as an Arts Club?*
10. *Of which branch of education did Mr. Tomlinson say that all existing needs would be met between now and 1952?*

Further Education does not run a quiz section, nor is it a "Self Educator." These questions have been chosen to indicate the variety of topics in the issue of June 1st. The social impact of radio is the theme of two articles. Others deal with: educational experiments in prison camps; education in industry; the teaching of European volunteer workers and self-education through the study of history. These, with some new features, make up 96 pages of vigorous writing and stimulating reading.

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—SAYS THE HEALTH VISITOR

. . . In my district, there still are neglected children; old folk with nobody to help them; people who don't seem to have a single friend. But when there seems nowhere to turn, I remember

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works; or they do, and have them turned down by the jury. I am told that about 200 works were submitted; if the 25 we heard were really the best, then the remaining 175 must have verged on the illiterate. But among these rejected compositions was Rawsthorne's Violin Concerto! What are we to make of a jury which rejects this sensitive, inventive, civilised piece, in favour of a musical crossword puzzle like Woronoff's *Sonnet to Dallapiccola*, or a specimen of gross modernistic vulgarity like Bruno Maderna's Concerto for Two Pianos?

The explanation may lie partly in the exaggerated respect traditionally accorded by I.S.C.M. juries to that kind of music which shows the most complete break with traditional tonality. After the first war, when radio performances of modern music were almost non-existent, and it was an intellectual excitement for Western musicians to discover the lines along which German and Austrian composers had been thinking, there was some point in this Central European bias; furthermore, one or two remarkable examples of the Schönbergian school (notably *Wozzeck*) were just then emerging. But now that the novelty has worn off, the musical world as a whole feels less and less inclined to accept the official view that a harmonic system based on the absolute equality of the twelve notes of the chromatic scale represents the only hope and entire future of music. The I.S.C.M., though for equity's sake they do not exclude other sorts of music, cling to this antiquated delusion; with the result that slabs of atonal or twelve-tone music appear on their programmes year after year, much of it having no more aesthetic interest than a logarithmic exercise. After Palermo, it is difficult to believe that juries have more than a hazy idea of how some of this music will actually sound; indeed, it is questionable whether some of the composers have a much clearer notion themselves.

What, after all, is this celebrated atonalism—and its stern, puritanical younger brother, the twelve-tone system? Simply a decision to accept as the basis of *all* musical composition (whether for voices, strings or wood-wind) a scale which is no more than an arbitrary keyboard convenience. The whole-tone scale was just such another arbitrary keyboard affair; but Debussy, being wholly artist and not in the smallest degree a pedant, never became its slave; he picked it up and dropped it at will, as a valuable occasional addition to his purely personal language. He never dreamed of founding a school, or of prescribing the whole-tone scale for universal use. But Schönberg has erected his twelve-tone technique into an elaborate system; he teaches composition in it; and scores of his pupils spread the gospel abroad with all the zeal of the convert to Catholicism or Communism; at this very moment "the First Congress of Dodecaphonic Music" is being held in Milan.

When the young composer of 1949 tries his 'prentice hand at the twelve-tone technique we get something like what we should have had if all the minor composers of 1909 had thought it their duty to write exclusively in the whole-tone scale (and, in fact, there *were* a few such misguided "Debussy-ists"; much despised by Debussy himself). A literary parallel may clarify the case. *Ulysses* is a work of genius; and so, according to its five or six readers, is *Finnegans Wake;* they are so because Joyce was himself a man of genius, who found it necessary to forge an elaborate literary structure and a complicated new language in order to say valuable things that no one had ever said before. He has had a great and stimulating influence on young writers, but only a few of these have been so misguided as to write all the time in pure Finneganese. Imagine the literary journals of Europe and America full of poems, plays and stories, all in the purest Finneganese, and all for that reason enthusiastically welcomed by the editors; and you will find a rough literary equivalent of an I.S.C.M. Festival.

There were, however, as I have indicated, some compensations at Palermo. A symphonic suite, *Orphée*, by Jean-Louis Martinet, was attractive enough, but too obviously indebted to Bartók, Stravinsky, and above all, to the Ravel of *Daphnis and Chloe*. More notable was a string quartet in one movement by the young Swiss composer Armin Schibler, some of whose music has been played by the B.B.C. This quartet, with its striking themes, expressed a mood of deep contemplation within a firmly logical structure; it is well worth our closer acquaintance. It was finely played by the Amsterdam Quartet, who also performed the last (unfinished) quartet of the leading Dutch composer, Willem Pijper, who died in 1947: a work which blends traditional and individual elements into a successful whole. The final concert, at Taormina, produced two attractive vocal works, a vivid set of *Castilian Songs* by the Chilean Juan Orrego Salas, and a cycle of songs by Jean Binet, a native of French Switzerland, who showed a refinement of style and a delicate literary sense not unlike that of his compatriot Frank Martin. The singers, both excellent, were respectively Rosanna Giancola and Hugues Cuenod.

Nothing more captivating was heard at the Festival than the *Primavera* of the octogenarian Charles Koechlin, which should have been given last year at Amsterdam. This is a suite for flute, harp and strings, made out of the simplest materials, but composed with workmanship so subtle and a feeling for euphony so rare that, after hours of dusty scholasticism, it refreshed our senses like a cool sea-breeze. Alone amid so much Northern barbarity, it was work of the island of Theocritus.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE MOVIES

"The Snake Pit," at the Marble Arch Odeon
"Caught" and "Report on the Atom," at the Empire

The Snake Pit has started a first-rate controversy, and is almost a first-rate film. On the question of its admissibility, one argument has superseded others: it *is*, with a few cuts, being shown. My own feeling, for what it's worth, is that the film will do far more good than harm. It will certainly create among the great majority of people a sympathy for the insane which they have never felt before; when I saw the film, at a public showing, it was remarkable how rarely the ignorant giggle was to be heard. People watched and listened with quiet attention and went away, so far as one can judge from faces and dropped comments, impressed. And is the film in fact so scaring? Its background, from which a foreword strongly dissociates the institutions in this country, is admittedly dreadful; but the heroine, who goes in mad, receives the best of treatment and comes out sane, and people's emotions in the cinema attach themselves more to heroes and heroines than to "conditions." In any case the arguments throughout the press for and against the film can surely have had only an enlightening effect.

The film itself belongs to the category of *Lost Week-End*. The choice of subject is sensational, the treatment realistic and sober. Anatole Litvak's direction has given us a brilliant impression of a mad-house—in America, apparently, not unlike a prison-house—and acting of a remarkable order. All the distraught, furious or deceptively normal faces in the background are those of actors and actresses; and Miss Olivia de Havilland, playing the heroine, gives a close-up of insanity that is her performance of a lifetime. Since most of our attention is directed, with the fullest sympathy, towards her, I should have thought the final impress to be heartening rather than deterrent. As a film *The Snake Pit* suffers chiefly from being at times too tender-hearted and too eager in accomplishing its happy ending of a cure. Certainly Miss de Havilland's mental cobwebs are subjected in the end to a remarkably clean sweep, which will be the envy of all neurotics and borderline hoverers, and she was unusually lucky in her doctor (admirably played, by the way, by Mr. Leo Genn). The only reason why *The Snake Pit* has not turned out as good a film as *Lost Week-End* is that here script-writer and director have not, for very good reasons, dared to be tough.

Caught is a rather preposterous if well photographed little drama of a mannequin (Barbara Bel Geddes), who looks for a millionaire and finds him (Robert Ryan), enjoys the tribulations of the richly bought and is finally rescued to hard work and philanthropy by Dr. James Mason. The film always carries hints of becoming slightly better than it is, and we are glad to welcome Mr. Mason again, if surprised that he should reappear here. In the same programme the "March of Time" offers some discreetly sobering glimpses into the peace-time developments of atomic energy. We are shown the wire-fenced stations in the desert, the mine-workers digging for uranium, an atomic pile in action, and the mechanical claws with which radio-active substances are exquisitely handled. Agriculture and medicine seem to be benefiting most from radio-activity, and it will be at least ten years before any power plant is set to work.

It occurs to me, returning to the problems of *The Snake Pit*, that our own film magazine "This Modern Age" could achieve a red-hot topicality and help to balance opinion by producing in the next month or two an investigation into the treatment of the insane in this country.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

THURBERESQUE

"The Male Animal," at the Arts

A play written, even in part, by Thurber! One can't go to it without indulging continuous daydreams on the way. Actors—what sort of actors will be needed here? Where will they come from? How will they *exist?* Will they wear inflated rubber suits between themselves and their clothing? How move on and off the stage—on flappers, on concealed roller skates? Will there be a seal, an apologetic dog with a complex, a first wife kept on top of the dresser? And those block-busters in the sex-war—"Well, I'm disenchanted too; we're all disenchanted"—followed by eternal silence: how will the stage accommodate these?

One reaches the theatre—the right theatre according to the bills, and to the audience's buzz and the footlights our fantasies dwindle away. Whatever may be in store it won't, it can't, be the Thurber rubber-men amorphously stored in memory: they can no more be *seen* in a theatre than, say, Caliban or the Flu Microbe of one of Mr. Shaw's pasquinades. The first ten minutes—which by convention play the audience in as a church voluntary plays them out—seem much like any other current opening to brightness; a telephone rings, a maid trips on, after a breathing space the Plot is set going. This proves more serious than we have supposed: it concerns an anti-Red drive in a Middle-West university. Professor Turner—a distracted but rather spare specimen of the Thurber man—is going to read Vanzetti's last letter to his literature class; the trustees object; the Dean looks in; a gang of footballers descend, among them a roaring ex-full-back, his wife's first love. Once the fun and the plea for civilisation have reached speaking terms (there are some awkward oscillations to start with) the play zooms away on its own level, which is that of roaring though intelligent farce.

The Male Animal is very funny indeed: I should say, looking down the West End theatre list, that it is quite twice as funny as any other comedy or farce in London; and, as it has its own American cast, admirably led by Arthur Hill as the Professor who wobblingly makes his male protest, it should very quickly find a popular theatre and run for a year. Our own mild political purges, in Civil Service and department store, haven't yet made the topic bannable, as presumably it is in America.

Having forgotten about Thurber (collaborating here with Elliott Nugent) when the play opens, we pick him up, so to speak, as we go along and

in retrospect discover a fair nucleus. There are such lines as the Dean's, "This is the worst day I have known since poor Dr. Prendegast shot his secretary," and the anti-climax of the door-handle (which can't be described), and the wonderful drunk scene in Act II, when tigresses and their cubs, rogue elephants, monkey tricks, jealous penguins and a melodrama of seal-life—yes, here at last is the seal—rise out of the whisky-fed dubieties of the Professor feeling that the moment has come to assert his masculinity. It has, and he spends three days in bed with concussion as the result.

FANFARLO

RADIO NOTES

WHEN you cast your bread upon the waters you must not consider whether you are going to get it back. Nor, if any does come back, must you measure what comes against what went out. A hard lesson, never acceptable to the vulgar. But it is the only real case for *The British Council*, into whose activities the Third Programme inquired last week. Mr. R. D. Smith's hour-long feature was more entertaining than one had expected it would be, if a bit muddled and spasmodic. The questioners (especially Mr. Robert Barr) didn't shirk their duty of bringing up the recent newspaper criticism on sensitive points, and one gained a good deal of interesting information about finances and expenses. But just when somebody had asked to be forgiven "for seeming to press the point," the rather enjoyable genteel asperities would suddenly dissolve into a feeble spirit of back-slapping goodwill. The point of "pressing" is lost unless you press right through to the raw nerve. But the Council's work cannot be assessed in a profit-and-loss account. And one was more interested to hear how they stood up for it otherwise. On the whole they did well. But too many of these men tend to *talk* an anæmic officialese, ". . . difficulties, which may be of a temporary nature . . ." One would like their independence of the Government (assured by the 1940 charter) to be more conspicuous in their language.

In Strasbourg last week Mr. Denis Morris's *Town Forum* (Mr. J. J. Gracie, Professor Denis Saurat, Miss Honor Croome, and Professor D. W. Brogan) faced questions from a French audience. This was their first visit to a foreign country, I hope not the last. For what was fascinating was the live perspective of the difference between English and French mentality, which set up a sort of third dimension in the listener's mind. A precise question about the effects of the Atlantic Pact on France's man-power is answered with weighty but imprecise assurances that England will do all she can. Ever ready (if but for the moment) to put their logic to sleep in the cause of romantic goodwill, the French greet these with storms of applause. The more *British* the answer the more they relished it.

A Brahms week-end of exceptional magnificence. On Saturday, the First Symphony, with the London Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Mr. Victor de Sabata. On Sunday the Second, Mr. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in Birmingham, on its first visit to England. Whereas the First Symphony carries its volume spaciously along the crests of its themes, the Second lives more between them, as it were in the troughs. Ideas are rolled away almost at the instant of appearance, and everything is withheld till the meteoric twinkle of the finale. The playing of this by the Philadelphia Orchestra was unforgettable. This outstanding event must not allow one to forget the courtly chromatics and judicious choices of Mr. Arnold Goldsbrough's concert of *Music of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries* last Tuesday.

MARK OGILVIE

"Les Quatre Fils Aymon," at the Old Vic.

The Belgian National Theatre has brought to England M. Herman Closson's play *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, which now can be seen at the Bath Festival, and afterwards at Peterborough. It is based on an old Belgian legend which tells the story of four brothers who resisted Charlemagne in the castles, in the forests, and on a magic horse. One can understand the exhilarating hopefulness of such a subject, at the time of the German occupation; the Germans actually banned it in 1941 after its production had caused "patriotic demonstrations" in Brussels. But the play would be more enjoyable now, if it had not been allowed to run so far off the rails of good sense into the mystique of ragged nationalism. In its present form, it is rather a souvenir of the hard-pressed fervours of resistance than a live work of art. Yet there are in it the elements of something much better. M. Closson is the master of a humorous, natural, robust dialogue, which creates living people out of 12th-century knights and shepherdesses. As long as he sticks to this, he makes the adventures of the brothers convincing, entertaining, and at times moving. The easy-going naturalism of manner is a weapon powerful enough; and it has a distinctively Belgian quality, which is welcome. M. Closson merely weakens its attack, now, by discharging at our heads huge pumpkins of rhapsody, to give the brothers more than mortal stature. Maugis, the magician, presented in the other, easier style, and pleasingly played by M. Luc André, is a complete success. The standard of acting is high throughout. M. Huisman's production is stark, with perhaps an excess of black curtain and half-lit gloom.

"Siegfried," at Covent Garden

If composers and poets are to be judged by the heroes they create, Wagner may by now be wishing that the sensitive Siegmund had survived the second round of the great *Ring* battle rather than Siegfried. The paradox is that so odious a character as Siegfried should be associated at all with the beautiful music that he intermittently inspires. Not all of this beauty was realised in Svanholm's performance, which took its level from the scene of the baiting of Mime rather than from the poetic *Waldweben*. However, his tough and untiring singing (as last year he took an unwritten top C at the end of the love duet) goes a long way towards compensating for the hardness of his voice, just as his looks and acting (the latter is a little over-realistic) make up for his lack of inches. In spite of the presence in the cast of Svanholm, Flagstad—who was not in prime vocal condition—and Hotter, the best individual performance was that of Peter Klein as Mime. His detailed study was delivered with an exact attention to the notes written, without exaggeration of any kind, and with an unfailingly musical tone. So good was this performance that one's liveliest sympathies were aroused, not for Mime which would have been out of character, but for the skill and musicianship of the portrayal. The Alberich could with advantage learn his methods of putting across Wagnerian malice without losing musical tone or line. Rankl conducted a performance that maintained the level set so far in this *Ring* cycle: the first two acts went well, but why should one expect him to make them sound as good as the third, which is excitingly full of the sort of music that has made in the past for the great popularity of this composer?

"Ann Veronica," at the Piccadilly

Mr. Ronald Gow has made a good documentary out of a Wells romance, which, in its book form, profoundly shocked British susceptibilities thirty years ago. Wendy Hiller introduces herself as a young lady about to have a baby by the man she loves. Her hospital nurse acts as a Chorus, reminding us at intervals that the action of the drama is treated as a flash-back. The result of this treatment is that there is seldom any dramatic tension; the incidents happen too sketchily for Ann Veronica's real struggle ever to affect us deeply. There are exceptional moments, notably that in which the Professor, in love with Ann Veronica, learns that she loves him, but in his wisdom drives her away. Those who remember the book may be disappointed, finding that the emotions and the plot are skimped. So much of Ann Veronica's problem turns on her lack of earning capacity and the unwise loan from a would-be seducer that we cannot help a twinge of annoyance at never being told how Ann Veronica repaid the loan (if she did) and where she found the money to join

her true lover in Switzerland. Wendy Hiller plays her lengthy and exacting part with much grace and distinction. Cyril Ritchard, so accomplished in Wodehouse parts, turns the part of Manning into pure farce, which spoils the story. Robert Harris gives a most sensitive performance as Capes, the professor. Miss Christina Silver as a conventional old maid achieves the only passage of genuine pathos and Alexis France makes a most convincing suffragette of the militant period. If what you are looking for is an entertaining reminder of what the social and economic difficulties were for a girl who wanted to be independent in 1909 you will spend a satisfying evening.

"Sauce Tartare," at the Cambridge Theatre.

"Ladies and Gentlemen! Thank you very much! Good-night!" said Mr. Claude Hulbert to an audience which, stirred out of its cod-like 6.15 stupor, kept up dense and stodgy applause. There was good reason. *Sauce Tartare*, devised and produced by Mr. Cecil Landeau, has a well-disciplined individuality. It is like the work of expert craftsmen done in a hurry—roughly carpentered, but in no sense perfunctory. There could be plenty of tinkering, strengthening of weak parts, tuning of performance to higher pitch. But basically, the craftsmen have done a sound, compact job, which moves with dash, speed, and guts. Its vitality gives stature to the lesser players, as well as to the stars. So that, although Miss Renée Houston is magnificent (especially as a suburban beauty thrilled to the marrow by having an "M.I.5 lover"), the revue is not really "dominated" by her; one remembers also the extrovert witchery of Miss Zoe Gail, dramatic singing of Miss Muriel Smith, the presence of Marlana, the cheeky appeal of Miss Jean Bayless and Miss Audrey Hepburn. Mr. Claude Hulbert provokes mirth merely by being around. And Mr. Ronald Frankau, that suavely wicked and cosmopolite conjunction of George the Fourth and Dr. Fu Man Chu, has never been better; his brutal bedside recitation was a *tour de force*. The costumes and decor of Miss Honoria Plesch were quite unusually stimulating; and so, on the whole, were Mr. Geoffrey Parson's songs and Mr. Berkely Fase's music.

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Correspondence

CO-OPERATION AND SOCIALISM

SIR,—Your leading article, "Consumers at Sea," shows that you are suffering from precisely the fault which, rightly or wrongly you attribute to Co-operative leaders. You look upon the Co-operative Movement as if it were merely an institution, and overlook its primary purpose as an expression of significant social principle. Like so many modern exponents of Socialist theory, you tend to think of Socialism only as a legislative process. If Socialism is to be democratic, it has to be something more than that. Parliament is but one of the instruments which we shall have to use if society is to become more completely democratised.

The Trade Union and Co-operative movements are two of the instruments which democrats will need to use—and learn to use properly. Too many Socialists are attracted by the glamour of politics and ignore the less spectacular work done by the Trade Unions and "Co-ops." It is almost beyond our powers of imagination to see a front rank Socialist devoting himself to the thankless and difficult work done in a Co-operative Society Boardroom. That is not because the opportunity is not there. The ranks of the Co-operative movement are wide open to every co-operator who has a contribution to make to the administration and development of the movement.

Your article finds the atmosphere of Co-operative trading "somewhat stifling." You would find equally stifling the atmosphere of the average Labour Party or Trade Union branch. Democracy is, after all, an association mainly of ordinary people, and will remain ordinary if the more gifted seek refuge in their remote cloisters, or in the comfort of the armchair. It is difficult to get people to move at more than their own pace, and the whip of compulsion must tempt those who would like them to move faster.

One of the main differences between democracy and dictatorship is, as I see it, in the attitude of the majority to minorities. The Co-operative movement represents a strong minority of organised consumers. If a majority of the electors so decide, it can sweep the minority aside and proceed to impose its own pattern of economic organisation upon everyone. It might, however, adopt the more sensible course of giving effective expression to the will, both of the majority and of the minority. The local authority does not compel everyone to live in a terrace house or a cottage, because the majority of the people dislike flats. It builds flats, terrace houses and blocks of cottages to supply the varied tastes of the people. A democratically organised community follows that principle to its practicable limits. It does not oblige people to shop at the "Co-op" or at the multiple store, but sanctions an arrangement which gives some right of choice to each class of consumer.

The Co-operative movement may not conform to the economic criteria you critically lay down for it. Some of us are audacious enough to distrust the assessment of the value of social movements solely by economic criteria. That is the capitalist mode of thinking. The Co-operative movement is an association of consumers, engaged mainly in mutual transactions. It is only when it can be proved that the existence of such associations denies to other members of the community the ability to choose for themselves their own form of economic organisation that the community need interfere. Doubtless, State ownership with National Board administration will bring us nearer mechanical perfection, since it is not embarrassed by the paraphernalia of democracy!

In the meantime, our critics, unconditioned as they are to the somewhat stifling atmosphere of Boardrooms, ward committee and trade union meetings, will continue to deliver their immaculate pronouncements from the icy hill tops. We shall listen respectfully and then wait, I fear vainly, for them to join us in the stifling atmosphere of the valley below. If consumers are "at sea," they are, at least, at sea in their own boat, and they like it well enough (some 10 million of them) to reject the suggestion that they should step overboard to tread the liquid Fabian path into the sunset.

JACK BAILEY
Secretary
The Co-operative Party,

POLITICAL PSYCHOLOGY

SIR,—One of the causes of the falling off of support for the Labour Government may well be the poor understanding of psychology shown by the leaders of the party, and in particular the thoughtless shock treatment meted out to the electorate and to party members.

The evangelists of the past knew that, for most ordinary people, changes of habits and loyalties are brought about only by emotional disturbances and shocks. Modern psychiatry, with its various shock techniques, is but following out this principle, making use of the physical approach. Once a sufficiently powerful shock has been administered, the change of loyalty is effected and the damage is done; no amount of rational explanation and justification after the event makes any difference.

This is why the Budget had such a disastrous effect on political opinion. However right and good a Budget it was, expectations had been raised, and its severity made a powerful emotional impact. Cripps made his wireless speech in vain.

It was the same with the L.C.C. affair, the apologias of Morrison, Emil Davies and others being irrelevant and unavailing. Hayward's first announcement came as a profound shock to fair-minded people inside and outside the party. I know many members who, like myself, seriously thought of resigning from the party if the original intention was not repudiated. The fact that the plan was watered down, that the chairman's casting vote was not used, and that Percy Harris gave his assent, could not undo the harm that was done.

TOM SARGANT
67 Haverstock Hill,
Hampstead, N.W.3.

LOCAL ELECTIONS

SIR,—So many peculiar reasons have been given for Labour's setbacks in local elections that I am not sure whether Dorothy Croker is being serious or whimsical in suggesting that cottage folk identify themselves philosophically with the gentry, and so vote Tory. As another defeated candidate in a country area, I submit my reasons. First, there is still a large number of genuine Independents to vote for; second, and allied, the well-known personality is preferred to the less well-known nominee; third, there is a reluctance to vote for the ordinary wage-earners because of the feeling "Who do they think they are, putting up for the council? They know no more than I do"; fourth, after four years of Labour Government the idea still persists that finally all parties are much the same—in a word, the Labour Party has failed to catch the imagination of those who should be its main support.

J. A. G. GRIFFITH
Marlow, Bucks.

UGANDA

SIR,—The recent riots in Buganda have been the occasion of a number of official statements, reproduced more or less fully in the Press, which, in the opinion of this writer, give an inaccurate impression of what has in fact occurred out here.

It is officially stated that the riots were "inspired" by Communists, and that they were the work of a minority of unscrupulous men. In fact there can be little doubt that all the Buganda except a very small minority supported the riots and the Bataka movement which is officially charged with having promoted them.

The reason for Buganda support of the Bataka movement is fear for the sanctity of the Uganda Agreement of 1900. This Agreement guarantees the *status quo* in Uganda, particularly the indirect nature of British rule and the security of the African's land. Unfortunately the formation of the High Commission, with powers of a general nature over the relations of Uganda with other Territories, has led to a widespread suspicion that the Kenya government will in some way obtain undue influence in Kiganda affairs. The Kenya Government is connected in the mind of the Buganda with the Kenya settlers, who are to the Buganda the personification of their fears that their land may be taken from them, as, it is thought, the land of the Kenya African has been.

In fact there is no danger of this at all. This was made clear in Parliament by replies given by Mr. Creech Jones to questions asked by Mr. Sorensen

(19.11.47) and Mr. H. D. Hughes (3.11.48). Had this been explained to the Buganda it seems to me unlikely that the present trouble would have occurred. But the Government have failed to convince the Buganda of our good faith, and the usual disguise for failure—anti-Communist declamation—has been liberally employed.

The following is a translation of the principal pamphlet issued by the Bataka to convoke the meeting which led to the riots:

GOD OF CREATION—AND OF BUGANDA.

We appeal to Thee in this our meeting, Thou, Who hast never forsaken us. Abide with us, lead us and support us.

All natives of Buganda, men and women, old and young. Come! come all! Come to Mengo palace where the country is presenting to the Kabaka the grievances of his people, about which we have clamoured incessantly. Come and let us inform the Kabaka what is ruining his country and ours, Buganda. At 6.0 a.m. on the morning of April 25th, 1949, we shall meet at the Kabaka's lake.

After advising people to bring food and to subscribe to the support of the Bataka representatives abroad, the pamphlet concludes:

"GOD SAVE THE KABAKA and LONG LIVE BUGANDA."

The authors of this piece of pietistic loyalty are solemnly held up to execration as dangerous Reds.

The purpose of the meeting at the Palace was to demand the dismissal of unpopular chiefs who signed a declaration last year denouncing Semakula Mulumba, the Bataka representative in England. Semakula Mulumba is the Government's one piece of evidence that the Bataka are "Communist inspired." He is known to have had contacts with Communists in England; and he forwarded his Petition to Uno, dealing with Buganda, via Gromyko. Is it likely that his petition would have been forwarded by Mr. McNeill? Mulumba is in fact a devout Catholic, and I should think it very unlikely that he is himself a Communist, or that he would have anything to do with Communists if other people would take up his case. To blame our failure to win the confidence of the Buganda on Communism instead of on Whitehall will only increase the risk of further political trouble here.

JOHN SIBLY

Makerere College,
Kampala, Uganda.

CLOSED SHOP

SIR,—Critic's defence of the Closed Shop is not a good one. If Trade Unions were non-political it possibly would be. But when we examine the constitution of the T.U.C. and of the leading Unions affiliated to it, we find their objects stated as "to extend State and municipal enterprise," or more succinctly, as Mr. Barou writes in his *British Trade Unions*, to replace the present social system with a Socialist or co-operative one. Political levy or no political levy, anyone joining a trade union gives moral support to the T.U.C. and the Labour Party in achieving these objects. I don't suggest that politics can be kept out of Trade Unions, but, recognising the inevitability, let us stop forcing Tom Brown, Liberal, or John Smith, Tory, to lend his weight to a system he doesn't believe in. Unless, of course, you honestly face up to the fact that there are two sets of principles: one to excuse the Left Wing's grab for power and the other to castigate anyone else who fails to live up to a very much higher standard.

I add, somewhat unnecessarily, that I abhor the decision of the John Lewis Partnership.

North West Leeds Liberal Association. S. E. GRAHAM

INTERNATIONAL PEOPLE'S COLLEGE

SIR,—Among the great tasks of reconstruction which have to be undertaken, is the equipment of human minds to cope with the new situations and problems which have arisen directly from the far reaching social, political and scientific changes which the world is experiencing.

In the opinion of the sponsors, it has therefore become a matter of urgency to create an International People's College in this country, similar to those already existing in Denmark and Norway, and plans for its establishment are now at an advanced stage.

As a suitable property, fully equipped for the immediate reception of up to 50 students, is available, the Committee is anxious to take advantage of this opportunity and has decided to go forward immediately.

The aim of the College will be to prepare students for world citizenship, and its curriculum will be so formed as to include such subjects as International Affairs, International Law and Institutions, Modern World History, English Literature, English Law and Institutions, Economics and Psychology, while the creative powers of the students will be awakened and stimulated through the medium of the Arts and Crafts, Music, Modelling and Drawing.

May we, therefore, be permitted to appeal through your columns for donations towards the foundation fund of £25,000 from those of your readers who agree that this College can be an effective means of fostering international co-operation and understanding. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Hon. Treasurer, Mr. E. Conrad, A.C.A., c/o The Hon. Mrs. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, London, W.2.

International People's College Foundation Committee.

HOLDEN
OLAF STAPLEDON
J. A. LAUWERYS
BEATRICE BURTT
HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

RITUAL MUTILATION

SIR,—It is the negative attitude of the men which strikes one on reading Abdulla el Tayib's letter in your issue of May 7.

Are not the men only as powerless in their households as they wish to be?

That women's education is an important factor in the abolition of female circumcision is indisputable but it is by no means the only factor, nor must it be forgotten that circumcision itself is a very serious brake on women's education because many girls are not allowed to return to school after it has been done.

The majority of Sudanese men are completely indifferent to the suffering caused by female circumcision and it is this attitude of mind which must undergo a change. "Where there is a will there is a way" is as applicable to the abolition of female circumcision as to anything else, and no one knows this better than the Sudanese who have achieved by force of will so much political independence in so short a time.

There is no pressure, other than their own desire, on the Sudanese to join the ranks of civilisation, but having decided to do so, they must abide by its rules and no conceivable stretching of rules can cover the inhumanity of female circumcision.

7 Cleveland Row, London, S.W.1. CONSTANCE E. HUDDLESTON.

IDEOLOGY IN HAIRSHIRTS

SIR,—In those few moments when I am not sitting in a cool Oxford church thinking about suffering, I sometimes try to forget the irritation of my hairshirt by sinking a glass of beer. If, as often happens, I do this in the company of a loving couple or a pregnant woman it has not yet occurred to me to think of my action as an ideology, based upon what Mr. Rayner Heppenstall, in your issue of May 21, calls a current devotion to "sexual love, parturition and public houses." Much as I wish that these three objects were the peculiar property of Anglo-Catholics, evidence, which daily presents itself to me, contradicts Mr. Heppenstall's claim. Sexual love and parturition seem to be comparatively widespread and the public house is a traditional English delight: the participation of Anglo-Catholics in these pursuits had led me to believe they were dull and ordinary human beings with normal desires and dry throats. I see now, however, that I was wrong, and if I ever marry and beget children, or quench my thirst in a public house, it will be an added consolation to know that in the opinion of one distinguished literary critic I am "terribly brave to go in for these things."

Brasenose College, Oxford. MICHAEL TREE

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AIR FRANCE

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

AFTER we have looked through the drawings of Cruikshank, we find ourselves haunted not by the gargoyle figures of the males, nor by the ethereal or comely silliness of most of the women; but by that other Victorian race, the pygmies in adult fancy dress, grave-eyed, elderly headed, wraith-like, marked already by a Gothic intimation of delicacy and death: the children. They are, as we know, survivors who have escaped the large Victorian graveyard; and in their foreheads, we seem to detect, a knowledge—or is it an innocence?—beyond their years. In the violence of Victorian life these, and the poor, are the victims; and perhaps the attitude of the main body of Victorians to their children reflects an attitude to the appalling poverty upon which the fathers' prosperity was built. In the mellifluous and also blistering lecture Ruskin delivered in 1888 to a middle-class audience in the prosperous boscage of Tunbridge Wells he told them they were less attractive than the Borgias whose crimes, at any rate, had been crimes of sudden passion and not unknown to remorse. He was attacking the moral oppression of the deserving poor:

> Be assured, my good man—you say to him—that if you work steadily for ten hours a day all your life long, if you drink nothing but water, or the very mildest beer, and live on very plain food, and never lose your temper, and go to church every Sunday, and always remain content in the position in which Providence has placed you, and never grumble, nor swear; and always keep your clothes decent, and rise early, and use every opportunity of improving yourself, you will get on very well, and never come to the parish.

Is that very different from their injunctions to the deserving child?

The large untaxed profits of the middle class, the enormous rise in their standard of living—at Herne Hill, in Ruskin's time, the rich shopkeepers kept powdered footmen and lived in enormous ostentation—was a violence which exacted a stringent virtue in the oppressed to balance the rapacity. The blessings of obedience, faith and peace, Ruskin said in *Praeterita*, were implanted in him in his childhood by his father, the sherry merchant who saved half his income every year and who, beginning without a penny, died worth £120,000. What was desired was the industrious apprentice, the obliging workman and the unchildlike child, as respectful and unperturbing as the trusted assistant of the counting house. The elder Ruskin (the son said) even chose a wife as he would choose a clerk.

In this the martyrdom of the rich child was as bad as the martyrdom of the poor, if not worse; better to be Oliver Twist than Paul Dombey. John Ruskin's life is an exemplary criticism of his time; and he knew it was. His education was forced by an ambitious mother who saw in him a future bishop. The family was isolated by her snobbery; she cooled off her humble relations and was too uncertain of herself and too proud to know those above her in station. In this delicate game the Ruskins never discovered any equals, from too much looking up or looking down. He was emasculated by her possessiveness and her fear for his innocence, and the whole scheme of his upbringing was calculated to enlarge the conceit and coolness of his nature if it did not create them. To this upbringing he traced his calamities in love and marriage; and it eventually provoked his savage attacks, culminating in madness, upon the society that had formed his parents and himself.

After the public disaster of his marriage, Ruskin understood his situation: the evil had lain in the perfection of his childhood and it was incurable. *Praeterita*,* the autobiography which he wrote in the shortening intervals of sanity at the end of his life, is his final submission, the confession (as Sir Kenneth Clark says in a really admirable introduction to a new edition of the work) of defeat. For here the struggle is given up. Only those things that are innocuous to remember are set down. His marriage is not even mentioned; there is only a passing reference to Rose la Touche; there is only a glance at his conversion to socialism, which was as dramatic and violent as Tolstoy's religious conversion and as tremendous an enlargement of egotism. (In a sense it was also a revenge: he had been derisively rejected by the daughter of his father's Spanish partner, Adèle Domecq, and when, later on, she made a fashionable marriage, he was stirred to condemn her indifference to the peasants in her father's vineyards.) In the last years, when reason flickered in his long-maned head and "uninvited phantoms" came to disorder the slippery tongue of the eloquent old prophet, only the happy things were to be recalled.

What a bishop was lost in her son, Mrs. Ruskin said. What a novelist was lost, said Miss Thackeray. *Praeterita* almost confirms her. The simple engagement of memory, the wandering precision of his picture of the sherry merchant's house at Herne Hill, the limpid, delightful portraits of cousins and friends, the ironical judgments, have no didactic nag; nor have they that too beguiling eloquence which brought tears to the eyes of his parents when he dutifully read his day's writing to them. Now Ruskin was no longer a middleman; he was an artist. Here is one of the Perth nephews:

> A stumpily made, snub or rather knob-nosed, red-faced, bright-eyed, good-natured simpleton; with the most curiously subtle shrewdness, and obstinate faculties, excrescent through his simplicity.

The occasional miniatures of this kind hang beside the grander studies of Papa and Mama. There is an evocation of the pleasures of suburban life which is droll, delicate and affectionate and astutely examined as they are brought up glittering in the net of time. We see again that fateful visit of the Domecq family, with their ravishing English-speaking daughters who flung him unprepared into "the fiery furnace" of his first, sudden and unhappy passion. As he remembered it, what struck him was, characteristically, that "nothing more tragic in the essence could have been invented by the skilfullest designer in any kind." He thought, we note, of the pattern, the design. A galaxy of witty Andalusian beauties, in the brief excellence of their race, convent bred, in Paris clothes, tantalised a young man who was a combination of Mr. Traddles, Mr. Toots and Mr. Winkle.

> While my own shyness and unpresentableness were further stiffened, or rather sanded, by a patriotic and Protestant conceit, which was tempered neither by politeness nor sympathy; so that, while in company, I sate jealously miserable like a stockfish (in truth, I imagine, looking like nothing so much as a skate in an aquarium, trying to get up the glass) on any blessed occasion of tête-à-tête, I endeavoured to entertain my Spanish-born, Paris-bred and Catholic-hearted mistress with my own views upon the subjects of the Spanish Armada, the Battle of Waterloo and the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

The character of Mrs. Ruskin has so often been drawn by writers who, as Sir Kenneth Clark says, have gutted *Praeterita* and left no suspicion of Ruskin's mastery of the intricacy of portraiture. I myself, with the book beside me, feel the reproach of caricature. We have been made to see Mrs. Ruskin in black and white; the prudish and ambitious Protestant, managing and policing her house, mistrustful of her neighbours, shut up in an acquired intellectual pride. We see her taking her son six times through the Bible, settling him primly in the corner, while Papa reads Shakespeare or Byron aloud for hours, whipping the boy when he falls downstairs to show him the folly of falling, allowing him nothing to play with but a bunch of keys and a box of bricks, commending his seven-year-old imitations of Pope. A cold and finicking Grundy who held up her marriage for ten years and even then, from prudence, would have delayed it. We cannot say that the portraits of his parents are done with love for, as he himself says, he did not know what love was; nor even are they done with affection; but rather with that tranquillity of habit which might pass for affection. So that Mrs. Ruskin is set down with the fidelity with which he would watch a stone, an irresistible view, a Venetian building or the formation of a tree. There is only the negative affection of forbearance in the portrait.

In his introduction Sir Kenneth Clark suggests that the simple style of *Praeterita* is not the artlessness of an old man's writing, nor even is it to be interpreted as a final serenity and resignation; it is a conscious simplicity assumed by Ruskin to show the world that he had not lost his reason. And indeed, Ruskin was a master of pastiche. I give the passage of near-Carlyle quoted by Collingwood in his *Life*:

> All the fine ladies sitting so trimly, and looking so sweet, and doing the whole duty of woman—wearing their fine clothes gracefully; the pretty singer, white-throated, warbling "Home Sweet Home" to them so morally and so melodiously? Here was yet to be our ideal of virtuous life, thought the *Graphic*! Surely we are safely back with our virtues in satin slippers or lace veils; and our Kingdom of Heaven is come again, *with* observation, and crown diamonds of the dazzlingest. Cherubim and Seraphim in toilettes of Paris (bleu-de-ciel, vert d'olivier de Noë, mauve de colombe-fusillée) dancing to Coote and Tinney's band; and vulgar hell shall be didactically portrayed accordingly (see page 17) wickedness going its way to its poor home, bitter sweet. Ouvrier and petroleuse, prisoners at last, glaring wild on their way to die.

Captivated as we are by the technical skill of his hands on the keys, we become restive when we realise that we are the instruments on which he is playing. We suspect the resourceful Celt. Where Mr. Shaw has the art of saying unpleasant things without making enemies, so Ruskin had the art of transporting unpleasant things into entrancing metaphors and flattering his readers and audiences by intoxicating their imaginations. In Tunbridge Wells they must have been delighted to be told that they had planted a poisoned asp in the bosom of society, especially when, in the previous sentence, they had been compared, in the most vivid colours, to the Borgias. Does he not make us feel, sometimes, in his political writing, not that injustice, wickedness and stupidity must be put down, but that indignation, anger, and the wrath of God's chosen, are themselves palatial and satisfying edifices to dwell in? When we compare the simple exactitude of Tolstoy, the other great convert, in similar writings, with Ruskin's, we see the difference between the saint and the saintly conjuror.

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *Praeterita*. By JOHN RUSKIN. Introduction by Sir Kenneth Clark. *Hart-Davis*. 15s.

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CAMBRIDGE AND BLOOMSBURY.

Two Memoirs. By J. M. KEYNES. *Rupert Hart-Davis.* 7s. 6d.

Do you remember the beginning of E. M. Forster's *The Longest Journey?* Was the cow real? What *precisely* do you mean by "a general feeling"? No novel so enchantingly reflects the atmosphere and philosophy of Cambridge in the days when Keynes and Bertrand Russell, Lytton Strachey, Lowes Dickinson, Leonard Woolf and the rest acquired the habits of mind from which the real Bloomsbury sprang. Two or three times a year, over a period of about thirty years, members of this group, which included Desmond MacCarthy, Clive and Vanessa Bell, Duncan Grant and Roger Fry, David Garnett, Leonard and Virginia Woolf, met to listen to one or more "memoirs" read aloud. Keynes left instructions that two of his contributions to this Club should be published after his death.

The second of these memoirs, written significantly in 1938, discusses how far the original beliefs of the group have stood the test of time. Keynes recalls that its religion—he says it was a religion without morals—was derived direct from Professor G. E. Moore's *Principia Ethica* which was published in 1903, a year after he went to Cambridge. The essentials are that value consists in "good states of mind"; the best states of mind are to be found in the appreciation of beauty and in sincere and loving personal relations. Candour and irreverence were the keys to good intercourse; reason was the only guide, and discussion was mainly devoted to discovering precisely what you and other people mean. I recall when I was myself an undergraduate after the first world war that this tradition was still alive. Moore was a redoubtable figure who listened to our unprecise arguments, only occasionally rousing himself to remind us that most of our questions would be automatically answered if once they were precisely stated. I recall a scene when Dr. Joad, with a young and unprecise mind from Oxford, read a paper to a philosophic society; Moore behaved exactly as Keynes describes him as doing—"greeting one's remarks with a gasp of incredulity—*Do* you *really* think *that*. . . . *Oh?* he would say, goggling at you as if either you or he must be mad. . . ." Moore persuaded us all that Joad had used the same word to mean five different things. What *did* Joad mean? There was nothing new or exclusively Cambridge in this Socratic questioning, but I may be forgiven for suggesting that though it reached the public via Oxford and the Brains Trust, it was really in Cambridge and Bloomsbury that the habit had its roots. Cambridge and Bloomsbury may, as Keynes says, have trusted too much in reason and not realised how brittle their logic was. But they had the supreme merits of clarity and integrity of thought and I venture to say that in the last half century no other group has contributed comparably to the arts or, if we except the Fabians, to political and social thought.

In his modest introduction David Garnett reminds the reader that he is a privileged eavesdropper. "He is hearing what is written only for the ears of those to whom the writer can speak entirely without reserve, and who can never mistake his meaning. Truth and wit are thought by many to be rather shocking virtues which should appear in public only if they are decently veiled." The reminder is important, for the memoirs are printed exactly as they were read, and some comments on the book have already appeared which display the type of shock to which Garnett refers. Some of the internal jokes and ironic asides must strike the envious outsider as cliquey or merely bewildering. You need, for instance, to have known Lowes Dickinson to enjoy the picture of him, shrugging his shoulders and "retreating" from the argument, or to understand why Keynes says of Leonard Woolf that "he was fairly good at indicating the negative, but he was better at producing the effect that it was useless to argue with *him* than that crushing *you*."

The first memoir, *Dr. Melchior*, is a belated chapter on *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. It is an excellent example of the Cambridge and Bloomsbury philosophy in action. For it is clear enough that in seeking to raise the blockade and allow the Germans to eat after the armistice, Maynard Keynes was moved much less by considerations of the political or economic consequences of the French effort to starve Germany than by motives of pity and common sense. He was, of course, afraid of Communism. He foresaw the results of the stiff and negligent cruelty of Foch. But if he ceased to behave like a civil servant, if he took upon himself secretly to negotiate with Dr. Melchior, if, indeed, he developed a peculiar and respectful affection for this dignified and intelligent Jewish financier, it was because he was in the habit of behaving as Professor Moore would have recommended. His actions sprang from a good state of mind, not from an impossible effort to decide on the basis of the hedonistic calculus whether it would be better for the world that the German people should or should not die of hunger. Keynes has been attacked for representing the Treaty of Versailles as unduly harsh, and so swinging opinion against the French and providing effective ammunition for Hitler. One could not find a better example of the clash of philosophies. For how could Keynes, Foch or anyone work out in terms of pain and pleasure so impossible a sum of human mensuration? What did people mean who talked of "severity" to the Germans? Cruelty and sloppy sentiment were harmful and dangerous in 1919 as they are to-day; Keynes opposed not effective, but self-defeatist ways of dealing with German militarism. Some imponderables were omitted in the philosophy of Bloomsbury, but Hitlerism was built on Foch and Baldwin, not on Keynes.

It is in the second of these papers that Keynes discusses these problems of moral judgment. The occasion for reconsidering in 1938 the Cambridge philosophy of 1903 was Garnett's recollection of a visit which D. H. Lawrence paid to Cambridge in 1914. Lawrence, hot, emotional and tiresome, was fond of Garnett and driven nearly crazy, as he himself declared, by the cold, rational superiority of the Cambridge group under whose influence Garnett was falling. He demanded that Garnett should choose between them. On Keynes and his friends he poured out streams of indignant invective. He declared that they were "done for." Most of all, I suggest, he thought it impossible to mix with Kings, nor lose the common touch.

"Lawrence's reactions," says Keynes, in this paper written twenty-five years later, "were incomplete and unfair, but they were not usually baseless." How far could he still defend the philosophy that so infuriated Lawrence? Keynes's analysis, bereft of its subtleties and personal allusions, comes to something like this: The philosophy of Cambridge and Bloomsbury, as first stated by G. E. Moore, was almost incredibly unworldly and idealistic. It could only stand up in its entirety in a world as safe and harmonious as that of pre-1914 Cambridge. In its emphasis on motive and the good state of mind, it was really a restatement of evangelical religion. Personal salvation, in brief, came before any question of the results of action. We had not begun, said Keynes, "to play the game of consequences." The defects of this view of life were that it included only a very limited range of human experience. It assumed, above all, the goodness and the rationality of man. It even went so far, says Keynes, in the case of Bertrand Russell, as to combine the opinions that all human affairs were "carried on after a most irrational fashion, but that the remedy was quite simple and easy, since all we had to do was to carry them on rationally. . ." Thus, "Lawrence's ignorant, jealous, irritable, hostile eyes" did see real defects; he was right in accusing the Cambridge-Bloomsbury group of irreverence, of skimming over the surface, of failing to appreciate those irrational forces which in fact so largely account for human conduct and human history. He was right too in seeing that the Cambridge and Bloomsbury group were arrogant enough to believe they could settle each problem of conduct for themselves; they were not only irreverent, they were positively "immoralists."

And on the credit side? Above all, says Keynes, it was good for us to be idealists, it was good to escape from the Benthamite calculus of consequences and above all from "the final *reductio ad absurdum* of Benthamism known as Marxism." Moore's religion, he says, "was a purer, sweeter air by far than Freud cum Marx. It is still my religion under the surface." In honesty, however, he adds that we "completely failed, indeed, to provide a substitute for the economic bogus-faiths capable of protecting or satisfying our successors."

The original Cambridge group would never have discussed whether a philosophy was "pure", or "sweet," but only whether it was true. It was tragic that in its maturity this brilliant group failed, as Keynes admits, to face the implications of "Freud cum Marx." With characteristic insight he pointed to the greatest flaw in Marxism—its Benthamite assumption that actions are justified or condemned wholly in accordance with some impossible calculation of their results. He saw the moral catastrophe that follows a doctrine that no motive or "state of mind" matters, but only "objective" results. But it is not enough to assert the validity and necessity of judgments of value. In the end, Cambridge and Bloomsbury sterilised their thought because they failed to relate these judgments to the amoral, irrational and material forces which have mainly determined the courses of history.

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A ROUT OF CRITICS

Character and Motive in Shakespeare. By J. I. M. STEWART. *Longmans.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Very soon there will be no simple detective-story writers left. Miss Sayers grew wildly romantic, stopped writing, and re-formed herself by plunging into religious epics. Mrs. Christie goes off on archæological expeditions and comes back refreshed. Nicholas Blake masks Mr. Day Lewis, or the other way about, and now it seems that Michael Innes, whose addiction to *Hamlet* his admirers may have noted, is really Mr. J. I. M. Stewart, an English don at Christ Church. His *Character and Motive in Shakespeare* is a first-rate piece of criticism. He has chosen a skirmishing approach; through attacks on the historical or "realist" school of critics, who would deafen us to Shakespeare with the creaking of Elizabethan stage-boards, he reaches his own conclusions about the complexities of Macbeth, Falstaff, Othello and others; and these attacks, besides being often deadly, are remarkably entertaining.

Robert Bridges, for example—a fireside fastidious rather than a realist—is discovered wrestling with the idea of Falstaff and thinking how much better Falstaff could have been without his "disgusting detail"; in any case, "it will be wise not to let him come 'fooling' into a discussion of Shakespeare's art." Bridges does his best, one feels; for him at least Falstaff exists, disagreeably. Not so for Professor Edgar Elmer Stoll, most literal-minded and omni-sapient of Shakespeare critics. According to Professor Stoll, Falstaff only begins to be funny when you have discovered all that the Elizabethans found funny in him; and it is an advantage to know from his forbears in comedy how unoriginal he is. What is it then that has kept the old hogshead going? His (or rather Shakespeare's) magnificent prose, replies Professor Stoll, and to that pays tribute in his own execrable English. Mr. Stewart has some pretty sharp fun with the Professor, who has caught it before from Shakespeareans who, knowing less, understand more.

But the best fun of all is reserved for Professor Schücking and Cleopatra. Their meeting is one that could only occur in Shakespearean criticism. Schücking starts off by labelling Cleopatra a harlot, and then complains that in the final scenes, by "no proper development," she becames a "thoughtful and motherly woman." Common observation, he argues, will assert that her actions are altogether out of nature. At this point Mr. Stewart, who (somewhat impatiently) has been retailing the argument, makes his intrusion:

> For [he asks] on what sort of common observation does Schücking rely? Probably few people who venture an opinion on Cleopatra have much acquaintance with dissipated queens, with courtesans, or even with harlots. Few have watched a complex woman flee from a sea-battle or reconcile herself with a lover after such a flight or later draw him up, dying, into a beleaguered monument. The number of people who have witnessed a royal suicide must be extremely small. . . .

He has little difficulty then in suggesting that Professor Schücking's appeal to common observations is in fact an appeal to conventional prejudice, and that Schücking, not Shakespeare, is miles removed from nature.

These battles with recent critics of Shakespeare—none of whom, after all, has been judged inconsiderable—are no mere polemical affronts; they clear the way, they lead to the point, they introduce the undeniable fact that Shakespeare's dramas and characters *live*, in conditions very unlike those that saw their birth. They are to a large extent free of that origin. To take one example not put forward by Mr. Stewart: Shakespeare's women, from Cleopatra to Lady Macbeth, were created to be played by boy actors, but that has not prevented them from being magnificently women. Should we go back (Stoll seems to suggest it) to boy actors? And if Shakespeare's imagination could so employ his working materials in this instance, why not also in others less important, such as the audience's liking in humour and horror? One of Mr. Stewart's most emphatic arguments is that Shakespeare both met and transcended the taste of his time.

His second recurring point is that the abruptness and perplexities in some of Shakespeare's characters may be due to the fact that Shakespeare created from far deeper levels than those at which his critics scratch. In criticising Shakespeare's characters, Bridges argues from an unparticipating good taste, Stoll from obsolete theatrical conditions, Schücking from pedagogical assertion, and so on: Mr. Stewart, having rebutted their contentions as paper arguments, prefers to rely on modern exploration by psychologists and anthropologists into those levels from which genius creates. I have not space to follow his more intricate arguments about Othello and Iago, and Falstaff: the second of these is wholly convincing, the first compromises subtly but too often, leaving out of account the simple fact of Othello's blackness. But let me give one example of his successful conjoining of Shakespearean character and modern psychological knowledge. Many critics have declared Leontes's jealousy in *The Winter's Tale* to be wholly inexplicable. "So sometimes these outbursts are in life" may seem a sufficient answer, and Leontes a recognisable if uncommon human type; but this answer does not satisfy Mr. Stewart. The precise explanation lies in Shakespeare, who in his second scene has related Leontes' jealousy of his friend to their boyhood together, when they were "as twyn'd Lambs, that did frisk i' th' Sun, and bleat th' one at th' other"; the innocence of this relationship is stressed by Leontes, but there are vague hints of guilt; he then insanely accuses his friend and his wife of sexual complicity and treason. This "senseless" access of jealousy (Bridges' description) is paralleled by a passage from Freud analysing jealously into three categories: the second category, that of the projected guilt of homosexual feelings, exactly fits the case of Leontes. He experiences sexual feelings towards his old boyhood friend, and so transfers these feelings guiltily to his wife. The illustrative case from the consulting room of a youngish man "with a fully developed paranoia of jealousy," might be Leontes himself. This is not to force modern readings into Shakespeare, but merely to employ the scientific knowledge which Shakespeare used instinctively.

One other essential thread of *Character and Motive in Shakespeare* remains to be mentioned: its author's insistence on the power of poetic drama. Shakespeare's poetry and his creation of character are indivisible. A critic who does not feel this finds the characters and the plays coming to bits the more he examines them. In such a passage as this, Mr. Stewart puts the argument with irresistible skill and sense:

> The end of *Antony and Cleopatra* is very moving—but assuredly no man on leaving the theatre ever thrust his wet handkerchief angrily away and ground his teeth at being cozened by a counterfeit of human passion. On the contrary, we are convinced of a profound significance in what we have witnessed. And we may assert—contemplating still the close of the play—that our impression of truth in the fable results not from an illusion but from an actual correlation between high dramatic poetry and insight into substantial human nature. For true poetry is emotion differentiating, is passion clarifying itself, is the contemplation of these activities. And passion and convention are antithetical; it is in passion that the dancer breaks from the pattern, the player transforms his part, the pristine personality frees and declares itself. Poetry and a fresh revelation of human capacities therefore go naturally together, and in drama the poetry constantly speaks of the power of the individual, for long subdued or habituated to his own familiar image, to break through to orders of experience not familiar or worldly, and in which the ordinary bounds and limits of "character" as prescribed by custom and time may be profoundly modified. And yet, though modified, they persist, and control the manner in which the individual may transcend himself. Does not the essence of the last scene of *Antony and Cleopatra* consist partly, at least, in this observation of the continuing

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grip of "character": that for Cleopatra Antony's death after the high Roman fashion would be indeed impossible, a piece of theatrical psychology such as we reject in a film, but that she contrives his own heroism, exploiting an exotic and womanly ritual of robe and crown to dredge up attitudes and potencies that ordinarily lie sunk and obscured below her grasp?

This seems to me better said, and more worth saying, than any utterance I have encountered from the "realist" school of critics Mr. Stewart is opposing. He maintains that Shakespeare was a great artist; they, that he was a crude dramaturgist. The most forthright of these critics was Tolstoy. He hadn't the remotest sense that Shakespeare's poetry conveyed anything, and what was left over in the plays he set out to expose as gibberish. He exposed very clearly himself.

G. W. STONIER

CURRENCY RITUALS

Primitive Money. By PAUL EINZIG. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

A portrait of a NEW STATESMAN reader which won first prize in a week-end competition some time ago began with the indictment "He has read a book about money." *Primitive Money* is not that kind of book. Mr. Einzig seeks to explain rather than condemn the gimcrack and sometimes dangerous ritual of finance. In effect, if not by intention, this book is a defence of the City as an important piece of social magic. The argument is subtly proposed, for Mr. Einzig has the journalist's knack of suggesting a theme to the reader by his arrangement of the facts. He presents in the early chapters a series of concise and amusing accounts of monetary systems in past civilisation and contemporary primitive communities which lead us to accept in advance the "social theory of money" which he has in mind, but has not explicitly stated. When he at last produces his suggestions about the function of money in society we are ready to seize upon them, and, recognising our own half formulated conclusions, we give Mr. Einzig credit for being as clever as ourselves. He gives us the data and allows us to join him in the search for general principles. We have all the fun and none of the sweat of scholarship, for the facts are presented in the most palatable way and the truths we discover have been carefully prefabricated.

Mr. Einzig's theory is that societies evolve monetary systems in order to give their members something to work for. He believes that without money a good many primitive communities would sink into barbaric lethargy. But by combining the use of money with some kind of social compulsion or obligation to acquire it, these communities ensure that their life does not fail owing to the laziness of their members. Money provides an incentive to work, and without work there can be no civilisation. The compulsion to work for money can be created in different ways. In many primitive communities political, religious or matrimonial payments have to be made, if the individual is to gain prestige, appease the gods or get a wife. Sometimes the size of these payments forces him to work at the limit of his capacity if he is to earn enough money to meet them. Then, owing to inequalities of wealth or ability, some will have to borrow to pay their dues, and since rates of interest in primitive communities are rarely less than a hundred per cent., the pressure to work is redoubled.

The Manus of the Admiralty Islands have a monetary system that makes a good illustration of this process. Their marriages are accompanied by large exchanges of goods and money in which everyone tries to take part. The aim of the families or groups between which the marriage is taking place is to make the exchanges large rather than profitable, for social prestige depends on the size of the contribution made, rather than on the possible profit to be gained. In their desire to make the largest possible contribution many individuals borrow money, and the island's credit structure is complicated and precarious. One defaulting debtor can cause a string of failures. We are not surprised to learn that the Manus "are ridden by an anxiety neurosis on the question of debt" and are perpetually worried, apprehensive and restless.

The system not only stimulates productive work but trade as well; indeed, the opportunities it gives for trade add to the monetary incentive. The Manus, like many other primitive peoples have no desire to trade for profit, but since they feel compelled to take part in the marriage exchanges, weddings bring a great trade in goods and money which would not otherwise take place. Indeed, the Manus will not trade except at marriages, which are frequently arranged to this end. The strict association of finance with marriage may seem odd, but it is no more irrational than our own monetary ritual. It is neither more nor less futile than our own practise of digging up gold near Johannesburg in order to bury it again at Fort Knox. These rites serve a useful purpose if they help to stimulate production and increase trade. Of course, it is possible for a monetary system to get out of hand if it is overburdened with ceremony.

On Alor, a small island to the north of Timor, all the work is done by the women, for the men have a full-time job in looking after their debts and investments. It is a whole community of stockbrokers. In modern communities monetary ritual can bring about waste and inefficiency in other ways. An almost religious belief in the gold standard brought depression to England in the Twenties, ruined the coal and steel industries, and helped to cause the General Strike.

After reading Mr. Einzig's book it would be hard to maintain, with a certain M.P., that money was "a meaningless symbol." It is charged with a great deal of "meaning" without which it could not fulfil its functions. Where the objects used as money have no non-monetary use, (modern paper money is one example), their only value is that which we believe them to have. Even where the currency has a non-monetary use (money in the form of slaves or cattle) its value as money is generally greater than its value as labour or beef. The use of money is based on belief and money has to command some reverence if that faith is to be maintained. In primitive communities the shell strings or dogs teeth used as money are frequently sacred objects. On Rossel island certain kinds of money can be handled only in a reverential posture. Here in England we build our banks like marble palaces to create confidence in little bits of paper.

RAYMOND FROST

CITIZEN MORE

Citizen Thomas More and his Utopia. By RUSSELL AMES. *Princeton University Press: Cumberlege.* 20*s.*

In Northern Europe the early sixteenth century was one of the great ages of liberal thought. Everyone admires that little group whom Seebohm called "the Oxford Reformers" and their Continental friends. They were learned and humane men, interested in education and social reform as well as in scholarship and philosophy, and their influence smoothed and civilised the official world to which they belonged. And yet they remain, even the greatest of them—even Vives, even Erasmus—shadowy figures behind their formal latinity and infallible good sense. Only one, thanks to three fortunate facts, seems alive. He wrote a book which, like *Hamlet*, all recognise as a great work, and yet no one interprets alike; he resigned the highest office in England and went to the block on a point of conscience; and, thanks to his son-in-law, William Roper, we have a vivid and delightful picture of his family life. As Gibbon says of St. Gregory of Nazianzus, "the title of Saint has been added to his name: but the tenderness of his heart and the elegance of his genius reflect a more pleasing lustre on the memory" of Sir Thomas More.

When social and political crisis challenges a liberal world, honest and thoughtful minds do not

always respond with that clarity, speed and consistency which later historians demand of them. The versatile genius of More, with his scruples and humanity and frustrating legal precisions, has been forced into surprising categories. The first lay Chancellor of England was hardly a complete or consistent Roman Catholic. He despised monasticism, disbelieved St. Augustine, and although as Chancellor he had heretics burnt, in Utopia he established the rule of toleration. Nevertheless the Vatican has canonised him, having condemned the name and works of Erasmus—his twin-spirit, with whom he never disagreed—with vigorous spite. Another tradition represents More as a man of universal mild saintliness, a meek and blameless creature. The man who championed Erasmus in his attack on Pope Julius II, who distilled his bitter irony on kings and nobles, who denounced enclosing landlords and defined government as "a conspiracy of rich men seeking their own advantage under the name and title of a commonwealth" is difficult to fit into that category. A further theory, by the Marxist heretic Kautsky, presented More as an early socialist resisting the triumphant advance of capitalism. This theory suffers from one fatal defect: lack of contact with the facts.

Mr. Ames also has a theory. "The reason," he says confidently, for Kautsky's socialist and R. W. Chambers' medievalist interpretations of More, "is, of course, the fact that life made Kautsky a socialist and Chambers a . . . medievalist." Life has evidently made Mr. Ames something different, so "of course" his view differs, both on the society of the sixteenth century and on *Utopia*, its "product."

In 1515, according to Mr. Ames, "capitalism" was attacking "feudalism."

> The middle class, in its inconsistent and only partly conscious campaign against feudalism, had the merchants as its chief economic power and the humanists as its ideological shock-troops.

On the precise meaning of these cosmic forces he is rather vague. Feudalism he defines loosely as "that stage of social organisation that preceded . . . what we call capitalism." The middle class, when defined, turns out to include most other classes, including church dignitaries and "semi-feudal town oligarchs" (I suppose they were also semi-capitalist, and agreeably had the best of both worlds). "The whole of the English nobility" at one time are described as becoming capitalists, although at other times they are "feudal." These preliminary generalisations breed others. Some are legitimate simplifications of complex fact; some are merely wild; some (such as the statement that "a truly middle-class state was not to appear until the Cromwellian republic was set up") are neither right nor wrong: they are just meaningless nonsense.

What has all this to do with *Utopia*? The answer is plain. More, "basing himself on sound concepts of economic and environmental determinism," wrote *Utopia*: *Utopia* is "a product of capitalism's attack on feudalism." How is this proved? There are no direct arguments, and there are some bad arguments. In 1516 More, then a successful company lawyer occasionally employed by the Crown on commercial business, was offered a retaining fee by the government. He hesitated, and explained his hesitation to Erasmus. It would mean either giving up his previous job, or retaining it with some prejudice against him if his employers should be in dispute with the Crown. These are the ordinary considerations which would occur to an honest and rational man. To Mr. Ames they have a doctrinal significance. They prove (although More in fact accepted the fee) that "he was then attached to town-republican political principles rather than monarchist principles." Of course they prove nothing of the sort.

When a theory is demonstrably untrue, it is no good tinkering with it: it must be dismantled. Elements of it may come in useful as spare parts; the rest is scrap. Mr. Ames would have done well not to tinker with Kautsky's theory; let us not tinker with his. It is a pity—there are some useful elements in it; but the machine does not work. False premises and false logic are fatal to it. It had best go to the scrap heap.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

ARNOLD IN LOVE

The Buried Self. By ISOBEL MACDONALD. *Peter Davies.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Anything can happen, it seems. Even the lowest and most nerve-rasping form of literature—the novelised biography—can appease and charm.

I started *The Buried Life* with worse than no expectations. It is a study of Matthew Arnold as a young man, in the three years when he loved Marguerite, lost her, and transferred his affections to Lucy Wightman. It has a thought-stream, imaginary scenes, fictitious persons (a few), fictitious conversations, and in short, the whole deplorable bag of tricks. Yet it is not like that at all. As one soon discovers, nothing could be less tricky, or less deserving of the adjectives that spring to one's mind. This book is serious, and also completely modest. The limpid tone rather dissolves than magnifies the content of sheer hard work, of close analysis and subtle appreciation. And so it grows on one all the time. The tendency to carp is followed by a dawn of esteem and pleasure—and at last by diffidence, when one has felt inclined to argue a point. For Miss Macdonald's interpretation always seems to gain, when looked at afresh.

How, precisely, has she turned a vulgar genre into something estimable? First, by avoiding popularity in her choice of theme. This is a "background to the poems"—not only to the Marguerite and Lucy poems. Therefore its appeal, to use her own word, is "meditative"; it is a picture of the young Arnold's mental life. What he thought of Obermann and Wordsworth, of religion and politics, of the *Zeitgeist* and the art of poetry, of Spinoza and Arthur Clough, is quite as indigenous, and treated just as gravely, as the state of his heart. Yet always limpidly and smoothly. Then, the horrid muddle incident to books of this type, the confusion between fact and fiction, has been done away. We always know where we are. Whenever Miss Macdonald has invented, her notes explain what and why; and she would like to give her sources in the same detail. But it is impossible, because they are used continuously. She hardly ever, in the "meditative" part, takes a step away from them. Page after page, one comes to realise, is a web of paraphrase, chiefly from letters and the poems themselves; the harder you look, the more of it you find. This again may sound rather dubious; for why paraphrase at all—and verse, of all things? But there is a great deal in tact, and Miss Macdonald has a great deal of tact. Anyhow, one can be sure that Arnold really thought every thought ascribed to him.

But while the intellectual part, except in manner, is pure biography, the love scenes have to be made up. Here is the thread of fact: Arnold started life as private secretary to Lord Lansdowne. On holiday in Switzerland, he met and loved a French girl named Marguerite. But nothing came of it. And very soon he was courting Lucy, a judge's daughter—who first refused him, then changed her mind. It was a happy marriage, but it made him into an inspector of schools.

These two stories are by no means on the same level. The English courtship is in daylight. Everyone could see it going on; there are no mists around the figure of Lucy Wightman, and Arnold did not care who knew he was mad about her. So here, although the scenes and dialogue are fiction, they are not in any vital sense guesswork. But—as the author says with typical plainness—"Nothing is known of Marguerite except what we learn from the poems, and the one reference in a letter which proves she really existed." Arnold kept her very dark, even at the time; nothing, it would appear, has come out since, and nothing is likely to. Guesswork or

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invention has to do it all—supply her background and character, the story of their acquaintance, the nature of their feelings and the reason he gave her up. All this must be deduced from the poems themselves, which are anything but lucid, even on the latter points—and even if we don't confine ourselves (as Miss Macdonald does not) to poems explicitly concerned with the Marguerite affair. Which of them did the backing out? At one moment, Arnold says her "past" was what came between them ("To the lips, ah! of others Those lips have been prest")—and then again, he says it was she who cooled, and didn't love him whole-heartedly. The means of judging are very slight, and a search of other, seemingly extraneous poems, while it enlarges the material, makes interpretation even more delicate.

On the whole, I must say, it is done beautifully. In the total absence of background, minor figures had to be devised. Marguerite's young friends, Marguerite's aunt and her "protector" are the most "fictitious" part of the book; they do stick out, and one could wish them away—yet something like them was perhaps indispensable. But Marguerite herself has a true and exquisite, wraithlike charm. Indeed she has so much charm that Arnold loses face, which was not intended. Miss Macdonald's interpretation is that he felt her, on the deepest level, a kindred soul, but saw her to be incompatible with his worldly life; and that Marguerite withdrew because she understood his predicament. But the gentle, gracious Marguerite of this story could have married anyone, and done him credit in any sphere. One can't see why Arnold's family should not have been charmed with her—if her antecedents were kept quiet. Therefore one has little patience with his feeling that it would never do.

I am inclined myself to doubt this interpretation. I rather think that there was something (to put it childishly) *wrong* with Marguerite—something he had been aware of from the first moment; and also that, like him, she really was in two minds. But, as I said before, one's confidence when disagreeing becomes less and less; Miss Macdonald has thought it out so carefully, her tact is so fine, her guess has such a habit of growing on one.

Yet after all, are these detective efforts worth while? Arnold's affair with Marguerite has nothing in itself enigmatic. Love affairs are always going wrong, and this one did; we don't quite know why. It is a question, not of insight, but of fact, and we just don't know the facts. So why, to use the Spanish phrase, heat our brains over it?

In a way the Lucy theme is more satisfying. Here we have no pseudo-puzzle: only a straightforward courtship in the London season, with a sweet little debutante, and fresh, poetic-worldly, yet touching scenes. Miss Macdonald is never happier than in her love scenes, from which one would be most inclined to shrink in advance. And her people (not a very common virtue in fiction) are always charmingly well-bred.

Still, I am not converted to the genre. She defends it thus: "So many of Arnold's love-poems are poems of situation: therefore the situation must be realised if the poems are to be fully understood, and the novel is the only art-form in which it can be conveyed." One might dispute that in any circumstances: how much more when the poems actually contain *all we know* about the situation? Also, one must still ask: why paraphrase—and verse, especially? The method, as applied here, is never vulgar or dishonest; but it is tame. It dilutes the force of what Arnold really said, and makes him dimmer as a person. And at best it has a strain of falsehood; he thought all that, but no one thinks in that way. The reconstruction is a happy attempt; and one might almost say, a moral triumph. But not, I still think, a good idea.

K. JOHN

DAY TRIPS TO VENUS

Rockets and Space Travel. By WILLY LEY. *Chapman & Hall.* 18*s.*

This might have been an important book; instead it is merely a book on an important subject. The first two chapters might well have been omitted. They comprise, in the main, more than fifty pages of literary reminiscences and quotations dealing with rockets and travel in space. Mr. Ley has an undeniable talent for explaining the intricacies of Newton's Third Law of Motion and the mechanics of rocket propulsion to a schoolboy public. But then, suddenly like one of his own projectiles, he blazes into the world of much higher mathematics.

If, however, the reader is prepared to research a little in this volume, he will find a great deal of information on the history of rocket development from the early days of Chinese and Arabic rockets over 700 years ago, to the British, American, German and Russian weapons of World War II. In detail, however, some of this information is not absolutely reliable. Mr. Ley's first list of German aircraft that carried the Henschal 293 bomb is incorrect; it includes a Junkers plane which never, in fact, carried such a bomb. He also over-rates the effect of the Russian Stormoviks which operated rocket projectiles against German tanks. He is wrong, too, in saying that the Germans copied this Russian rocket-accelerated bomb and used it for attacks on Malta and on British shipping in the Mediterranean. The Germans, in fact, never copied a Russian rocket of any kind. But these are minor lapses. Chapters 8 and 9, which deal with the use of rocket projectiles of all types, are valuable material for the serious military student, and are among the best accounts of the subject I have read. Not the least interesting among all his facts are those which show that the U.S.S.R., quite apart from her precious legacies of guided rocket missiles from German sources, has an entirely native tradition of rocket development. More than twenty Russian books on rockets are quoted in an extensive bibliography which is one of the most valuable parts of the book.

The most topical chapters are the last two, which deal with the possibilities of space-flight and the space-ship. Shall we really be able to have day-trips to Venus? Can some ambassador-extraordinary descend from Mars to heal the breach between the West and the U.S.S.R.? Or are we still to depend on imaginative literature for accounts of interplanetary travel? In the U.S.A., where this book was printed and first published, both Government and private enterprise continue to play with the possibility. While the military are cautious about the prospect of operating a journey to the moon, the individual American rocketeer is more confident. Thus, a fifty-year-old Chicago engineer who has been experimenting with rockets for over twenty years is even now putting the finishing touches to a home-made space-ship. He hopes to take off this summer and soar above the earth's atmosphere, to return safely to base and finally to ditch peacefully in the waters of Lake Michigan. He estimates his chance of success at a hundred per cent. But, perhaps fortunately, this estimate is too high. If the Chicago inventor proved successful, all our military thinking would have to be revolutionized at the strategic level. The strategic and tactical implications of the rocket would, in fact, have been a good subject for one of Mr. Ley's chapters, and I wish he had written it for he knows his subject thoroughly.

ASHER LEE

IRISH POETS

Contemporary Irish Poetry. Edited by ROBERT GREACEN and VALENTIN IREMONGER. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Irish novels, short stories and plays have gained an enviable prominence in recent years and have even attracted the attention of film magnates. This popularity is due both to topical interest and the traditional appeal of the brogue. Ever since the sensational success of the "Gunman School" in the Twenties, the prose writers have outdistanced the poets, for the latter must move slowly because they have to carry all their impedimenta with them. Books and numerous essays are still devoted to the later poetry of Yeats, but the leader of the Irish literary revival in the Nineties is regarded generally as a belated convert to the truths of modernism. Yeats enjoyed immensely his second reputation and maintained a discreet silence, but in his last poem spoke clearly from the grave:

> Irish poets, learn your trade,
> Sing whatever is well made,
> Scorn the sort now growing up
> All out of shape from toe to top.

He had not forgotten that verse in his own country owed much to the aesthetic movement in England. In their early work, Yeats and his contemporaries avoided with deliberation the easy way of "dialect"; they learned much from the speech rhythm of folk ballads, but avoided the note-book methods of Lady Gregory and the Abbey dramatists, who went round collecting picturesque phrases. Even Synge, when he turned from prose to verse, chose a language as simple and direct as that used by Swift. That discipline has deprived Irish verse of popular appeal and interest in it, during a revolutionary period, declined.

Contemporary Irish Poetry edited by Robert Graecen and Valentin Iremonger is the first collection of its kind to be published in England since Lennox Robinson's *Golden Treasury of Irish Verse*, which appeared in 1925—not in 1928 as is stated in the prefatory note to the present book. Twenty-four years is a long time, and it is unfortunate that this book should not have an introduction: in consequence, the reader must be his own guide, and he cannot always guess aright, lacking the necessary information. For instance, Mr. Iremonger is a young Dublin poet, and Mr. Greacen is a northern one and this very fact indicates that there is, as yet, no literary Border. Nor will the ordinary reader suspect that one of the most interesting literary developments in Ireland has been the rapid emergence of a number of Ulster poets. Only the work of living writers has been included, "the bias being towards the young and less-known." This accounts for the absence of some well-known names: Padraic Colum, Seumas O'Sullivan, James Stephens. Most of the poems in the book were written during or after the late war, and in general we can deduce from them the agreeable quietness of a neutral country. There are few direct references to the world conflict but, curiously enough, the Ulster poets seem to have been somewhat uneasy in conscience. In *Townland of Peace*, John Hewitt writes:

> Once walking in the country of my kindred
> up the steep road to where the tower-topped mound
> still hoards their bones, that showery August day
> I walked clean out of Europe into peace:
> for every man I met was relevant,
> gathering fruit or shouting to his horse,
> sawing his timber, measuring his well.

W. R. Rodgers expresses the same mood in

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THE Twenty-third Annual General Meeting of the United Molasses Company, Limited, will be held in London on June 14.

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The urgent need for the British shipowner for relief from today's crushing taxation, at least on profits retained in the business for replacement purposes, remains, and it is my hope that the Committee of Inquiry, which the Chancellor has intimated he will set up, will appreciate the necessity of placing British shipowners on a more equal plane with their foreign competitors.

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An Irish Lake, a poem which is disciplined and sparse in its northern colouring.

> But suddenly, like delicate and tilted italics,
> The upstanding birds stretch urgently away
> Into the sky as suddenly grown grey.
> Night rounds on Europe now. And I must go.
> Before its hostile faces peer and pour
> Over the mind's rim enveloping me.

In a poem written in 1941, Roy McFadden emphasises that isolation.

> In Ireland now, at autumn, fringed by war,
> We banish Europe with each bolted door
> And night-slammed window; huddling into the past,
> Bitter, but not so bitter as the world. . . .

The contemporary poetic idiom of England and America, so powerful in its fashion, has influenced many of these younger writers, and this anthology gives us an impression of a transitional phase. Irish poetry will have its own peculiar problems if it is to survive, for there must be a balance between import and export of ideas. The extreme tendency is shown in the work of such a well-known poet as C. Day Lewis, who writes completely in the English mode. Louis MacNiece, however, has been reacting in a different way, for in his recent work he has been drawn more towards an Irish background.

The editors have been discerning in their selection, though they may owe something to Donagh McDonagh's anthology, *Poems from Ireland*, which was published recently in Dublin. Thirty-four poets are represented and a number of the names are new, but there are a few surprising omissions—Patrick Kavanagh, John Lyle Donaghy and Monk Gibbon. AUSTIN CLARKE

Swiss Winter. By FRANK S. SMYTHE. *A. & C. Black.* 30*s.*

There is no better photographer of mountain scenery than Mr. Frank S. Smythe, and several Alpine pictures in his latest collection are among his most pleasing. Still, at thirty shillings this book is much too dear, especially as the coloured photographs are indifferently reproduced and the commentary is frankly padded. Mr. Smythe's success with such scenes as the Matterhorn, which have already been photographed *ad nauseum*, is almost uncanny; yet some of his pictures rob places of their personalities, so that several landscapes taken around Verbiers and the Lötschenthal could equally represent anywhere else in Alpine Switzerland. Again, though Mr. Smythe says he does not like snow scenes with figures, several are included; and though he says there is not much colour in Switzerland in winter, his polychrome plates are reminiscent of Mr. Churchill's canvases of Switzerland in summer. A useful section of this book is the introductory essay. Mr. Smythe gives helpful advice to those thinking of going to Switzerland to ski. The best snow, he says, is found in the highest places and after the middle of January. Christmas he does not favour as a time for winter sports, and he says there is no relying on snow at resorts below 3,000 feet. A winter holiday in Switzerland, he assures his readers, is often best enjoyed in spring; a paradoxical suggestion which, like several others to be found in the writings of Mr. Smythe, carries complete conviction.

Shrubs for the Milder Counties. By W. ARNOLD FORSTER. *Country Life.* 30*s.*

No one who reads this admirable book can avoid continually breaking the tenth commandment if he lives and gardens in a county of England which is not "milder." It is not merely that we are continually being told about superb shrubs and trees in full flower which could not possibly survive a winter east of Dorsetshire, but covetously we read, for instance, of "the most beautiful of all the magnolias" making a bush 25ft. high and measuring 85ft. round the ground it covers. Yet even the eastern gardener can learn a lot from Mr. Arnold-Forster; if he studies the book intelligently he will find dozens of plants which he would never have thought of growing, but which are well worth trying. Mr. Arnold-Forster is an all-round horticultural expert and his own remarkable garden, which combines beauty and rarity in the right proportions, must be one of the windiest in Britain. What the expert can achieve is shown by two photographs of plants growing in his garden, the remarkable *Senecio rotundifolius* and the lovely *Eucryphia cordifolia*. The chapter on wind and shelter and the plants which could and should be grown in exposed places is invaluable. The book first gives a general planting list in one chapter and then in separate chapters deals in great detail with acacias, camelias, ceanothus, magnolias, etc. There is a fascinating chapter at the end on some uncommon, untried, or tender shrubs. The book is intended not merely for the private gardener; it is specifically addressed to local authorities and much sound advice is given to them. The photographs are exceptionally beautiful.

British Ballet. By PETER NOBLE. *Skelton Robinson.* 21*s.*

For some years presses have been pelting us with publications about The Dance. Balletomania has rendered each book less discriminating and more hysterical than the last. The quality of most writing on the subject has dropped to the level of drooling, unconditional praise. Even the critics have ceased to speak with much clarity. Provoked by a new performance, they jump to their hobby horses and rock vigorously at one another, and at us. Fortunately, Mr. Noble's new book—a comprehensive report of British Ballet from 1939-48, with contributions by most of the expected authorities—does not reflect this attitude too strongly, though some chapters bubble a bit with special pleading. The sections that endeavour to sort out the fourteen English ballet companies and the changing affiliations of their dancers, will be particularly useful. Also this painstaking compiler has compiled a directory of persons connected with the ballet world, which should prove invaluable for reference purposes. All the same, achievements might have been viewed with a little more perception and clarity. Only Mr. A. V. Coton is really salutary: "The whole art of the ballet has been made to stink of the highest sort of *kitsch*," he says in the book's best article—a plea for more critical standards. The contributions are—as one expects in a book of this sort—uneven. Mr. Helpmann defends the originality of English choreography, Mr. Handley-Taylor contributes a pretentious appreciation of Mona Inglesby, while Miss Doris Langley Moore and Mr. C. W. Beaumont offer delightful and sympathetic ones of Margot Fonteyn and Anthony Tudor.

Week-end Competitions

No 1,006

Set by Allan M. Laing

Erasmus Darwin is said to have dreamed the verse:

> At Gunby they found Powd ruin,
> And furthermore than that,
> They found some blood which turned to calf,
> And some which would not cat.

Competitors are asked, for the usual prizes, to send in their own dream productions, in verse or prose, but all of the brief sort. They must be guaranteed genuine and not touched up. Entries by June 7th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,003

Set by Giles Romilly

The usual prizes are offered for a sonnet which includes, somewhere in it, the following two lines:

> "He offered money: the conductor sneered"
> "However sad the day or slow the night."

Report by Giles Romilly

The line about the conductor's sneer was intended to suggest to competitors, not some simple situation where a bus was full up or you hadn't the right change, but a paradoxical topsyturvydom, an alarming upset of the ordinary rules of life. You were on a bus (or something else) already travelling, and the conductor just didn't want your money. Whence knotted reflection, disturbance, perhaps more instances. On the whole, competitors' minds were not jogged down this path. The number of entries was very great, and I first scythed out all the simple

narratives, which told their stories of hopeless attempts to board and conductors' jeering obduracy; and those too, in which a recognisable variant of Sir Thomas Beecham tore up the scores of bribe-offering composers. Eventually there emerged some thirty-two sonnets, and out of these fifteen. The fifteen fell into three groups: (1) the original-ingenious; (2) the imaginative-sentimental; (3) the comic. There remained in the first group P. G., Lindley Abbatt, Susanne Knowles, Constance Sewell, L. G. Udall; in the second, Sybil Ruegg, Goodwill, P. Gorham, Julian Orde, Shok; in the third, J. R. Till, Dr. Margaret Martin, A. A. Wheater, A. H. Barnes, John Grant. Broadly, I allowed equal standing to the first two groups, with the proviso that any sonnet in the rather more traditional second group must have some special quality, of strangeness perhaps, or prettiness; and I put the third group below these. Even so, choice was hard, the standard high here. I would like to award two guineas to Julian Orde, a guinea each to the first four of the others printed below.

He woke to find he was a silver ghost
Whom the wind went through and through like a thin beard,
Homesick for the wornout coat he'd lost
In which he'd belched and sweated, and almost
Homesick for dropsy and earth's pull. He steered
Towards a moving house—late bus, endeared
To him by light; what would ghost's ticket cost?
He offered money; the conductor sneered.
Through Ladbroke Grove he swept, among a flight
Of older wraiths who dropped from cornices.
It is the ghosts are frightened; how is this?
They fear each other's flapping with a fright
That shivers sleep . . . they have no sleep, no ease,
However sad the day or slow the night.

JULIAN ORDE

He thought: "I shall be quite approachable,
Empower department heads to make decisions,
Convert for cigarettes the Chinese table
(The different brands in lacquered red partitions).
"However sad the day or slow the night
My mannered prospects wait for hushed week-ends:
Lawns, balustrades, the stone stair's curving flight;
A proud and gleaming car to meet my friends.
"My task is to experience and transmit
The lime-wood garlands, Gentileschi's ceiling,
Through me the lichened statues shall submit
Their influence on contemporary modes of feeling."
"Not this time, chum." A pencilled pad appeared,
He offered money: the conductor sneered.

CONSTANCE SEWELL

The salt, the sulphur and the burning oils,
The cats o' nine tails and returning screws,
These thoughts are cataplasmic: they amuse
My breaking resolutions and my boils.
Now fever's at the neap, and mind recoils
On freaks of felony and dead men's shoes,
And dwells, derisive, on that holy druse
Whose Berber guide contained him in his toils.
He offered money: the conductor sneered,
Then drew a yataghan from left to right,
And oh! his life ran crimson through his beard,
Draining the sunset of his cheeks to white . . .
I call upon the vision and am cheered,
However sad the day or slow the night.

LINDLEY ABBATT

This music-room, voluptuously Baroque,
Was once the Count's—a patron, it is feared,
Whose patronage was not so much revered
As something of a local laughing-stock.
Even his orchestra was known to mock
The hangers-on to whom, as they appeared,
He offered money: the conductor sneered
At each new opus from the obsequious flock.
The Count's forgotten. Yet he played his part;
His painted ceiling fades, his hall decays,
Yet something lingers of a past delight;
A lilt of Gluck, an echo of Mozart
Haunt here the silence of the nights and days,
However sad the day or slow the night.

P. G.

At the stage-door of the Palladium
Orpheus, with his starry lyre, appeared.
"You're not a Union man? You've had it, chum!"
He offered money: the conductor sneered.
"Sir" said the gentle poet "see my skill. . . ."
He struck his lyre: great plane-trees, soot-dimmed shrubs,
The odd geranium on the window sill
And bays and boxes in their doorpost tubs
Leapt from the soil with joy, while into sight
Lumbered the Marble Arch. Just then a pack
Of Kaye fans, bobby-soxers, mobbed the door.
"Mænads!" he panicked, "Charon, bear me back—
Better the safety of the Stygian shore,
However sad the day or slow the night."

SUSANNE KNOWLES

Smith! As from Kendal northward you and I
Embus'd went jolting, by the public Way
An aged Man to board us made essay.
With trembling hope he sought the driver's eye,
And as the thundering equipage swept by
He offered money: the conductor sneered
And wondered openly; but now we neared
Our destined goal, and Rydal's lawns were nigh
Pedestrian poet! In this cultured vale
Untiring didst thou roam, untiring write—
*Not least the march of Transport to assail—
However sad the day or slow the night;
Nor from such obscure incidents didst fail
To draw some moral truth, some inward light.

A. A. WHEATER

* See Mr. Wordsworth's sonnets on the projected Kendal and Windermere Railway.

He offered money: the conductor sneered,
"Not thus the East Kent Road Car Company
(Approach); you need a one and twopenny.
You are a Southdown man? It's as I feared.
Such things, may be, the Motor Traction Co.
Of Aldershot and District, I agree,
Might once or twice permit, or S.R.T.,
But not this cream and crimson line, you know.
"However sad the day or slow the night
(Unless it be by supernat'ral force),
Nothing can stay an East Kent Road Car's pace;
Creamy and crimson, flashing from our sight,
Nothing can stay it, humming on its course
To its appointed fare-staged stopping-place."

A. H. BARNES

He offered money: the conductor sneered,
And Orpheus sat glowering by his side
His useless obol flung in Lethe's tide,
His passionate music silent as they steered—
With wounded eyes his love had disappeared,
Cut off from sunlight she had just descried,
Her longing for sweet life with him denied,
Thrust back to Hell—a thing she had not feared.
Yet had they looked upon each other's face,
However sad the day or slow the night
Nothing could rob them of that strange embrace—
That curious undercurrent of true sight
Even in darkness as they agonise—
While Charon shows no feeling or surprise.

SYBIL RUEGG

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